Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and forty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: $2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

MALBONE LODGE No. 93, N. E. O. P., William H. Thomas, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursday evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Richard Gardiner, President; Thomas Fieldhouse, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings of each month.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., James F. Hemmond, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; meet every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain George A. Wilcox; Everett I. Gorton, Recorder; meets first Friday evening in each month.

NEWPORT CAMP, No. 7677, M. W. A., A. A. Page, Ven. Consul; Charles S. Packer Clerk. Meets 2nd and last Tuesday evenings of each month.

Local Matters.

The Fair.

The Newport County Agricultural Fair which will be held on the grounds around Oakland Hall, South Portsmouth, week after next, will be the best that the society has ever given. The exhibits will be large in all departments and the entertainment features will be more extensive this year than in previous years. The first day, Tuesday, Sept. 17, there will be a Flag drill by ten young ladies, to be followed in the evening by a short play by members of the Portsmouth Grange. Wednesday at 5 p. m., there will be an entertainment of elocution and singing, and on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings there will be entertainments by the Vaudeville and Novelty Co. of Providence, with an entire change of program each evening. There will be dancing each night free to all who attend the fair. Supper will be served each day in the new dining hall of Oakland Lodge. The tent this year is much larger then ever and the exhibits both from the County and from Fall River will be large. Of course the goods from Fall River are simply for exhibition as they do not compete with any exhibits in the County.

Schools Re-opened.

The public schools of the city re-opened on Tuesday after the summer vacation. The schools in all parts of the city are crowded and much time has been devoted to relieving the conjestion at the most crowded schools by transferring pupils to buildings in which the conditions were rather better.

The large number of pupils was to some extent anticipated and a special meeting of the school committee was held Monday evening to take some action regarding the crowding. It was voted to request the city council to submit to the tax payers a proposition to issue bonds for $100,000 to purchase a site and erect thereon a new high school building. When the petition was received by the city council Tuesday evening no action was taken.

Robert N. Carson, multi-millionaire of Philadelphia, has purchased the well-known Robert Ingersoll estate on the Cliffs. The price is not stated, but the place is taxed for $91,000, and it is believed that the consideration was about $125,000. Mr. Carson owns the Erdenheim stock farm at Chestnut Hill and the steam yacht Marietta. The place, which is known as the Reefs, will be improved by Mr Carson as a summer residence.

The annual Washington County Fair will be held at West Kingston, R. I., on the four days beginning Tuesday next. These fairs have always been very popular, especially with the southern section of the state, and as there will be no State fair at Narragansett Park this year, this will be the only large exhibition of the kind in this vicinity. There will be interesting horse races each day and a daily vaudeville entertainment.

Miss Mary Meenan, sister of Father Meenan, who has been seriously ill, is slowly improving.

Labor Day.

Labor's own particular holiday occurred last Monday and was very generally observed in Newport but in a very quiet way. A few places of business were open for a few hours in the morning for the accommodation of customers but in the afternoon there was a very general closing of stores.

In the morning there was a short street parade in which the organizations that participated turned out well filled ranks. The formation of the parade was as follows:

Chief Marshal James Frazier,
Training Station Band.
Bricklayers' and Masons' Union No. 2,
J. P. Casey, Marshal.
Carpenters' and Joiners' Union No. 176,
James Cotter, Marshal.
Newport Military Band.
Building Laborers', L. C. A., No. 1, John Manning, Marshal.
Plumbers' Union.

The cutter race in the morning drew quite a crowd of spectators to the harbor front and there were many small boats that followed the racers over the course. There were three entries, the Old Colony, Training Station and Naval Reserves, the first named being the favorites. This crew had six members of the Father Mathews' crew.

The Old Colony and Training Station made a pretty fight from start to finish, the latter having a slight lead until a short distance from the finish line, when the Old Colony put on a little extra spurt and won by 9 seconds. The Naval Reserves were not in the best of condition and were badly beaten. The official time was as follows:

Old Colony, 16:17; Training Station, 16:26; Naval Reserves, 17:11. Distance, two miles with a turn.

Two Robberies.

The residence of Herbert A. Scoville on Walnut street was entered by a bold thief in broad daylight Monday afternoon and an assault was committed on Mrs. Scoville, who attempted to detain the intruder. The stranger entered the house some time before five o'clock and ransacked the upper floor securing about $100. As he was about to leave the house he was seen by Mrs. Scoville who tried to grab him but received a hard blow on her head from a heavy cane and the man escaped through the rear door.

Mrs. Scoville screamed and attracted the attention of neighbors who hurried to the scene. The man was followed by boys on bicycles but he got away before meeting a police officer.

It later transpired that another robbery, probably by the same party, had been committed in the room of Charles Golde on the second floor of the building occupied by D. J. Walsh on West Marlboro street. He got away with considerable wearing apparel and some little money, leaving some of his clothing in exchange.

The thief has not yet been apprehended but the police have several promising clues to work on.

War College.

An order has been signed by the acting secretary of war for the establishment of a war college in Washington upon the reservation on which Mrs. Surratt and others of the Lincoln conspirators were hanged, and which has been an artillery post since the civil war.

The construction of formidable defences down the Potomac river for the national capital has resulted in the withdrawal of the artillery from Washington, and it had been intended to use the old barracks grounds, which are among the largest in the East, for an infantry post, but this plan will probably be abandoned, owing to the determination to establish a military college there, based on the ideas of the naval war college at Newport.

The changes involved are far reaching, and will have an important bearing on the military strength that may be located around Washington.

Naval Constructor Richmond P. Hobson, U. S. N., of Merrimac fame, who arrived Saturday evening, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lehr, at "Arleigh," was entertained at dinner in the evening by Miss Van Alen at "Wakehurst," who gave a brilliant function in his honor. Many prominent society people were in attendance.

The city council took no action in the matter of leasing Easton's Beach at its meeting Tuesday evening as the special committee, to whom the matter of securing proposals was left, did not report. A number of bids for the beach have been received but it is understood that the committee is desirous of securing more satisfactory proposals.

Dr. C. F. Barker, president of the board of health, states that the carcass of a horse which was found on Rose Island this week, did not come from the Newport swill scow.

Mrs. John Jaffray and her daughter Jennie, of Yarmouthport, Mass., returned home Monday, after spending a few days with Mrs. Teaze.

Washington Commandery.

Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., of Newport, to the number of about fifty, with as many ladies, accompanied by the Newport Band, left here early Monday morning for a day's outing at Watch Hill, in company with Narragansett Commandery, No. 27, of Westerly. At the station in Westerly the Newport Templars were met by Narragansett Commandery in full ranks and escorted to the steamer where the entire party embarked on the raging Pawcatuck river for a forty minutes delightful sail to Watch Hill. The weather was almost perfect, the clouds obscuring the hot rays of the sun. The commanderies marched to the Watch Hill house, where they were photographed. After a lunch and a rest, the band led the way to the bathing beach, where Brother W. H. Davis, captain of the Watch Hill life saving station, and his crew went through the capsize drill with the self-bailing surf boat.

After the drill the party visited the hotel or took in the sights on the bathing beach until 2 o'clock, when dinner was served. The two long tables were filled, and smaller tables were brought into use. The menu, provided by Landlord D. C. Babcock was especially fine. After the dinner the music room was open to the party, the house orchestra playing.

The return trip to Westerly was made without accident. Here an elegant collation was served in the Asylum of Narragansett Commandery, after which an hour or more was spent socially, all getting acquainted with one another. At 8:30 the Narragansetts escorted their visitors to the train and the start for home was made. Newport was reached at a little past 11 p. m., and all voted the day to have been most delightfully spent. The Wickford fraters gave the visitors a good send off with fire works as the steamer General left the wharf.

The success of the affair was due largely to the efforts of the following committee: Sir F. B. Lawton, E. Sir David Stevens, Sir A. E. Burland, Sir A. L. Rodman, Sir S. B. Gladding, Washington Commandery; E. Sir D. C. Hinckley, Sir Thomas McKenzie, E. Sir A. H. Spicer, E. Sir S. C. Burdick of Narragansett commandery.

A Few Typhoid Cases.

Ten cases of typhoid fever have been reported to the board of health, but the physicians feel no fear of an epidemic such as Newport suffered from last fall. The cases thus far reported are nearly all light attacks. Many of the victims have used water taken from wells, which have been closed by the board pending an investigation. One new case was reported yesterday from Tilden avenue and the patient was conveyed to the Newport hospital, making four cases at that institution. There has been but one death thus far.

Last year at this time there had been many more cases reported, a number of cases having arisen in July. No fear is entertained of an epidemic but every precaution is being taken, the suspected wells having been closed and the water sent to experts for analysis. The city water is pronounced free from disease germs.

Temperance Workers.

The district convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was held at Southwick's Grove in Middletown on Tuesday. The attendance was fairly large at the morning session addresses were delivered by Mrs. Samuel I. Carr of Newport, Mrs. Mary A. Babcock, state president, Miss Welch of Warren, Osborne Hoffman of Portsmouth and others. A luncheon was served at noon.

In the afternoon two addresses on army canteen were delivered, business reports were received and officers were elected. The election of officers resulted as follows:

President—Mrs. L. B. Anderstrom, Providence.
First vice president—Mrs. Ella Munro, East Providence.
Second vice president—Mrs. C. C. Ball, Block Island.
Third vice president—Miss Alice Smith, Barrington.
Secretary—Mrs. E. A. Greene Portsmouth.
Treasurer—Miss Emma Welsh, Warren.

The Newport One Price Clothing Co. are having their fall and winter opening and are displaying a fine line of Dunlap hats in all the latest styles.

Julian Fraon, chauffeur for Mr. Stowe, has settled a fine of $10 and costs for running his employer's automobile beyond speed allowed by law.

Herman Peckham of Sachuest Beach, Middletown, is building a cottage on Powel avenue for the purpose of renting.

Mr. Joseph P. Cotton, Jr., of New York, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Cotton, in this city.

Mr. Russell K. Bryer, of New York, is visiting his father, Mr. Andrew Bryer, in this city.

Mr. Wm. G. Read, of New York, son of the late Oliver Read, has been spending his vacation in Newport.

Columbia the Defender.

The New Herreshoff Yacht is Discarded in Favor of her Older Competitor—The Trial Races.

Notwithstanding the amount of money spent in building, equipping and maintaining the magnificent racing yacht Constitution, into which designer and builder put the best product of their brains and hands, the older yacht Columbia has, in the estimation of the challenge committee of the New York Yacht Club, proved the faster and more reliable boat, and has therefore been selected to defend the America's cup against Lipton's challenger, Shamrock II. The formal decision was announced in the following notice:

"At a meeting of the committee on challenge of the Royal Ulster Yacht club, held on the flagship at 11:30 a. m., the Columbia was selected to represent the New York Yacht club.

"J. V. S. Oddie,
"Secretary."

This ends the series of trial races that had been started here to select a defender, and the probabilities are that there will be nothing more of interest in yachting circles until the International races are held. The Columbia is in excellent condition and with the exception of a trifling trimming of her sails will need no repairs or alterations. She will be sailed in the cup races by Captain Charles Barr and his crew, who have had her all summer. Captain Barr also sailed the Columbia against the Shamrock I. two years ago, and was of course the winner. The manager of the yacht, Mr. E. D. Morgan, has every confidence in his ability.

The announcement that the Columbia had been chosen did not come as a surprise to yachtsmen or others in Newport, who have closely followed the performances of the two boats. The opinion has been freely expressed in this city that the Columbia was the faster, or at least the more reliable boat. Tinkering with the rigging of the Constitution had probably robbed her of some of the speed that she originally possessed.

The trial races between these two yachts to select the defender were begun here last Saturday, and the Columbia had every advantage. The first race was won by her by over four minutes, corrected time, in a good race. The day was a perfect one. The sea was smooth, a southeast wind tempered the heat of the sun, and observation was clear for miles,—so clear, in fact, that persons on shore could easily see the races all over the course. The weight of the wind was at no time over nine knots, so lee decks were never awash. Captain "Nat" Herreshoff was on the Constitution and watched her every movement but could do nothing to overhaul the Columbia.

On Monday the races started again, but the race was a fluke and the yachts were unable to finish within the time limit. The next race was on Wednesday and went to the Columbia on time allowance by 17 seconds. This was the closest and most exciting race of the season. The yachts were close together all over the course and Barr's tactics in forcing the Constitution off her course made the contest a spectacular one. At the finish the yachts were but 10 seconds apart and on elapsed time the Constitution was a winner but the time allowance gave the race to the Columbia. The Constitution would probably have been the winner had not an accident occurred to her balloon jibtopsail.

The time was as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	El. Time.	Cor. Time.
Columbia,	1:20:37	5:03:13	3:42:36	3:40:15
Constitution,	1:20:00	5:03:03	3:43:03	3:40:32

At 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon an alarm of fire from Box 12 called the department to Guerney court for a small fire in a woodshed belonging to Henry Davey. The fire was quickly extinguished but not before the shed was pretty well burned. The cause of the fire is not known. The loss is about $50.

At a meeting of the board of aldermen as a board of canvassers Tuesday morning the voting lists for 1901 were carefully gone over and given to the city clerk to be printed. The lists will be considerably smaller than last year, although most of the changes as yet are confined to the registry list.

The police are after the violators of the speed ordinance and a number of wealthy summer residents have replenished the city's coffers as a penalty for driving their automobiles faster than the law allows. The usual fine is $10 and costs and a second offense is worth $15 and costs.

William A. Coggeshall has been elected secretary and treasurer to succeed his brother, the late John S. Coggeshall, by the Long wharf trustees.

Mr. Wm. H. Barker and wife, of New York, have been guests at the Kay street house the past week.

City Council.

The regular meeting of the city council was held Tuesday evening when considerable business of importance was transacted. A number of extra appropriations for different departments of the municipal government were made but others were refused.

The report of the finance committee was received and bills ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

City Asylum,	862 93
Fire Department,	920 13
Board of Health,	1,181 71
Public Parks,	113 90
Police,	160 14
Paupers and Vagrants,	271 55
Public Schools,	4,021 24
Streets and Highways,	3,270 51
Streets and Highway (special),	6,889 21
Public Building,	243 20
Lighting Streets,	1,738 20
Books, Stationery and Printing,	7 00
Incidentals,	140 79
Decorating Public Buildings,	340 00
New Hose Tower,	1,423 08
Townsend School Addition,	1,067 28
Touro Jews' Synagogue Fund,	10 00
Dog Fund,	20 00
Burial Grounds,	50 00
	22,716 77

The committee on streets and highways recommended an additional appropriation of $1500 for finishing the harbor park, and a detailed report from the street commissioner explained that the sum of $618.37 remained unexpended out of the appropriation of $17,000, and that the work called for expenditures not anticipated. The resolution making the extra appropriation of $1500 was passed.

A resolution authorizing the extension of the sewer in Battery street at a cost of $50 was passed. The overseers of the city asylum asked for $500 to cover the cost of new plumbing, converting the old chapel into a sick ward, finishing eight additional rooms and laying a new floor. The appropriation was made as recommended. The reports of the street commissioner and of the clerk of the finance committee were received. Certain changes at the fire department headquarters, recommended by the committee on fire department, were authorized.

The school committee presented a communication asking that the city treasurer be authorized to receive the gift of $5,000 from Professor Agassiz for equipping the Coles Industrial school; that a special appropriation of $8,200 be made for sanitary improvements in the schools ordered by the board of health; and that a proposition to issue bonds for $100,000 for the purchase of a site and erection of a high school building near the Townsend Industrial school, be submitted to the voters at the November election. The city treasurer was authorized to receive the gift of Professor Agassiz, and the special appropriation of $8,200 was made but no action was taken on the school house proposition.

The park commission asked for a special appropriation of $400 to meet certain bills which had to be contracted and which were not covered by the regular appropriation. A resolution making such an appropriation was laid on the table in the board of aldermen.

The board of health reported that an investigation has been made into the complaint of the town of Jamestown regarding the deposit of horse offal on its shores, and that the board was certain that the deposit was in no way due to the dumping of the Newport horse offal at sea.

A resolution was presented appointing a committee to confer with the Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company regarding better street railway service. After a short discussion in which the claims of the first ward to street railway service were advanced, the resolution was adopted and the committee was appointed. The members are Alderman Albro, Councilmen Milne and Martin.

A communication from Theodore M. Davis stated that he would present a bath house for the use of the boys and girls at the harbor park, provided the city would agree to keep it in repair and assign some proper person to look after it in summer. The offer was accepted.

An invitation from the Police Relief Association to attend its tenth annual benefit at the Opera House was accepted. A resolution was passed appropriating $25 for a telephone that was in the emergency hospital on Broadway. Notice was received from D. E. Sullivan, lessee of the old city hall, that he proposes to ask for a renewal for five years from December 11, 1901.

Petitions were received and referred as follows: From Vernon B. Anderson for the removal of a pole on Rhode Island avenue, chief of fire department; E. J. DeBlois for macadamizing and laying sidewalks in Champlin street, and accompanied by a deed to the street, streets and highways; Robert Hodson for a street light on Elliot place, street lights; Henry Desfossez and others for improvements to Merton road, streets and highways; Esther Merton Smith for appropriation of $750 to guard against ravages of the Elm leaf beetle, no action taken. In response to a petition from Julius Engel and others, a resolution was passed authorizing the city treasurer to open the Jewish Synagogue for religious services.

A number of petitions for abatement of taxes alleged to be excessive were received and referred to the tax assessors. A resolution to appropriate $375 for lightning rods for the city hall was lost by a vote of 9 to 6, a two-thirds vote being required.

In the board of aldermen a bill from A. K. McMahon for the burial of Nathan Wood, a deceased soldier of the civil war, was ordered paid. A petition from the N. Y., N. H. & H. railroad asking that Benjamin Wilson be appointed a special police officer was referred to the city solicitor.

An Old Friend Gone.

The people of Newport have seen the last of the old steamer Providence, for many years the pride of the Sound and a familiar figure in our harbor. She was on Wednesday turned over to her late purchasers and was taken to Nut Island, Boston Harbor, where she will be broken up. The one sincere mourner at her departure was George W. Gifford, who has been connected with the steamer continuously for 30 years.

In the early seventies Mr. Gifford first boarded the Providence to go to work in the humble capacity of water boy. His service on the steamer has since been almost continuous, and he worked his way up until finally the proud day came when he took his place in the engine room as a licensed engineer. During the years of her inactivity, when by reason of age she had become a back number, she has been intrusted to Gifford's care, and he has been most faithful to his charge.

The Providence and Bristol were built nearly 40 years ago in New York. Two companies which undertook their construction failed, and the nearly completed steamers remained inactive for two years. Then Jay Gould and Jim Fisk took hold of them, and started them to running between Bristol and New York. When they came out they were the admired of all. The Providence, which was sold two weeks ago to Butler & Co., of Boston, to be broken up, has had as commanders men celebrated in the annals of Sound steamboating. The following were her commanders: Capt. "Ben." Simmons (deceased) who brought her out; Capt. Abraham Simmons, Capt. Baylies Davis (deceased), Capt. Elijah Davis, Capt. John Hammond (deceased) and Capt. Nathan Sanders.

The last time the Providence was in commission was during the Shamrock-Columbia races, in October, 1899, when she was placed on the Norwich Line for a few days to take the place of a boat attending the regatta.

During her years of service the Providence met with only one serious mishap. It was during the regime of Capt. Hammond. In a fog she struck on Dyer's Island, while outward bound from Fall River. She remained there hard and fast for a week when she was floated by the Providence Tow Boat Company, whose boats were commanded by Capt. Nat Sutton.

After that she struck and sunk a three-masted schooner in Mount Hope Bay. The chapter of accidents is very short considering her long term of service.

Dimensions of Purgatory.

Mr. Ira N. Stanley, formerly of this city, but now a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has been spending the summer here, furnishes us with the following extract from the MERCURY of February, 1852.

"Hearing that I. N. Stanley had been so bold as to make a descent into Purgatory, for the purpose of ascertaining its real size and capacity, we applied to him for its dimensions, which he has furnished in the subjoined letter:

Newport, R. I., Feb. 4, 1852.

G. C. Mason, Ed. Mercury.

Dear Sir: The following are the particular dimensions of Purgatory taken by Wm. A. Stanley, E. S. Hildreth, A. Hildreth and myself on the day that President Fillmore visited Newport. Whole length 160 feet; width at the top, from 8 feet 4 inches to 14 feet; width at the bottom from 3 feet to 14 feet; height from 41 to 50 feet; depth of water at the mouth (low water) about 10 feet.

Respectfully yours,
I. N. STANLEY."

Thomas Brownell, of Riverside, who was drowned near Bristol this week, was a native of this city, but moved away a number of years ago. He went out as a member of old company F at the outbreak of the civil war and later was made lieutenant of company I of the 7th R. I. Volunteers, Thomas B. Carr being the company commander. He was a member of Company F Association.

Rev. G. Herbert Patterson, rector of St. Mary's Church, at Portsmouth, and of Holy Cross Chapel, at Middletown, has resigned his rectorship and the resignation, which will take effect October 1, has been accepted by the parish corporation. Rev. Mr. Patterson began his duties at St. Mary's church in 1887.

A new building about to be built on the grounds of the Newport Hospital will be used for private rooms for patients and for an out-patient building. It will be a memorial to the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, and will be the gift of Mrs. Vanderbilt.

SWEET REVENGE

BY
Captain F. A. MITCHEL,
Author of "Chattanooga," "Chickamauga," Etc.

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CHAPTER IX.
FRIENDS.

IT was plain to me that I was in the hands of that terrible war-time scourge of the south, the guerrilla. This band had been made up in east Tennessee and had moved out of their original stamping ground to get away from their old homes and find a better field for pillage. From the Cumberland plateau they could sweep down toward Nashville, Murfreesboro, McMinnville, Shelbyville, Fayette or Huntsville and, if chased, could easily take to the mountains, where it was difficult to follow them. On one of their forays Tom Jaycox and Pete Halliday had got wind of my whereabouts and, with several of the gang, including the man I had shot, had gone down to look after me. The country in and about Huntsville was too civilized for open assassination, and Jaycox, after the failure of the attempt on my life, had procured my arrest as a spy. Then followed the plan to kidnap me and force me into a payment of money before the final revenge.

We bivouacked where we had met the band on the plateau, under the trees that waved above us, their sprouting leaves lighted up by our campfire. I lay awake the greater part of the night, watching for an opportunity to escape, but one sentry after another was placed over me, and morning came without my having made the attempt.

At sunrise we moved northward, as on the day before, my captors still keeping a strict watch over me. During the day Jaycox pushed on in advance. Why I did not know, but surmised that his going had something to do with the plan to plunder me.

The mountains seemed deserted. Not a human being did we see save two women and a negro, all on horseback, traveling in the same direction as ourselves. I caught several glimpses of them, though always at a distance, and wondered how it was that "poor white trash," to which class they appeared to belong, could afford the attendance of a slave.

When we halted for the night, which we did about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the captain came up to me and told me they were going to take me to a point near my old home, Knoxville, where I would be required to sign a check for a large amount, all they could squeeze out of me, but if there were not sufficient funds to my credit in the bank I must execute papers that would enable him to convert property into money. If I would do as he wished, he would set me free. This I knew to be a lie. The gang would find a pretext to murder me whether I signed the document or not.

He left me sitting on the ground, leaning against a log, contemplating the horrors of my situation. If I did not pay my ransom, I should be murdered; if I paid it, I should be murdered. It was Hobson's choice. I made up my mind that I would attempt to escape, get shot and thus end a situation that was inflicting on me a mental torture far greater than any physical pain mortal ever endured.

Casting my eyes inadvertently toward the road, I saw two women passing northward and in another moment recognized them as those I had noticed on the march. To my surprise, one of them turned and rode toward us. The other hesitated, started on, turned and followed her companion. I noticed something familiar about their figures. The coarse texture of their jackets and gowns and their unbecoming sunbonnets were out of keeping with their graceful carriage. "If those women knew," I thought, "that they were entering a guerrilla camp, they would be stricken with terror." When they reached a point a dozen yards distant, they paused, the one in advance calling in a harsh voice:

"Can you uns tell us how fa' 'tis t' Tracy?"

Then beneath the homely check bonnet, through the olive darkening of her complexion under the cheap calico, I recognized Helen Stanforth. Her beautiful companion was none other than my fascinating little friend who had saved me from the impetuous wrath of Captain Beaumont—Jaqueline Ratland.

Had a pair of angels come down from heaven and lit on my shoulders I could not have been more astonished. I rubbed my eyes, thinking that my vision deceived me, but when I looked again there was Helen sitting on her horse, chatting with the guerrillas as if they were ordinary persons, talking [illegible] in excellent dialect, with which a long residence near the mountains had made her familiar. Jaqueline remained a short distance behind her. For awhile I feared that Jaqueline would betray them both, for I could see that she was trembling. But presently all terror seemed to leave her. She rode up beside Helen and [illegible] the men, at once [illegible] the attention of the whole band.

"You're a likely gal," said one of them. "Git down offen that critter and stay awhile."

"Couldn't think of it."

"Oh, yes, ye' kin." And he walked up and took hold of her bridle rein.

"[illegible]," cried the captain, "[illegible]!"

The captain returned and invited the two visitors to alight, promising that they should be respected. Jaqueline gave him a [illegible] look as he helped her off her horse, a bit more politely than might have been expected from the leader of this gang of ruffians. Indeed there was something in his bearing to make me suspect that this bandit captain—Ringold they called him, though I suspect the name was assumed—was an unworthy member of some good southern family who had disgraced himself with his peers and become a leader of those who were, like himself, devoid of principle, but in other ways his inferiors. Jaqueline must have divined as much, for no sooner was she on terra firma than she slipped her arm through his and clung to him confidingly. Pete Halliday, who seemed to be the next member of the band in importance after the captain, awkwardly attempted to gain some mark of her favor, but Jaqueline, with woman's quick intuition, knew that if any one was to be relied on it was Ringold and declined attention from any other.

"Who ar' yo'? Whar did yo' come from? What yo' doin hyar?" she asked in her usual quick way. "Hain't yo' goin t' join our boys an fight fo' the bonny blue flag?"

The captain looked a bit uncomfortable, and as she had asked several questions to which a reply would be in order he replied to none.

"Can't yo' sing the 'Bonny Blue Flag' fo' 'em, Jack?" asked Helen. "Reckon yo'd like to hear her," she added to the group. "She's right smart at singin'."

"Reckon," said Jack. "D'yo' want to hear I?"

The men were too stupid or rather had not the politeness to say they did. They stood and gaped. Jack, who I could easily see under her enforced gayety was badly frightened, made a desperate effort and began to sing, but her voice was so thin and trembling that I thought every moment she would break down. However, when she came to the last stanza she had regained something of confidence and ended the song pretty well.

She had scarcely finished when we heard a picking of banjo strings. I looked up and saw a boy and a negro advancing toward us. I was not long in recognizing Buck and Ginger, the latter thrumming the instrument as he came on.

"What's a house to' t' git supper?" called the boy.

"Dunno. Hunt yer own supper," replied one of the men.

"Hain't you uns got nothin thar t' spar'?"

"Reckon, but we hain't goin ter spar' it."

Buck started toward the camp, and Ginger followed him.

"I'm a-takin this nigger t' Sparty. He's sold."

"Hain't yo' got that nigger offen yo' hands yit?" called Pete Halliday.

Buck looked at the speaker in assumed surprise. "Wal, now, you uns mus' be the men we met yistiddy. Hain't yo' got yo' man offen yo' hands yit?"

A grin passed over the faces of the men.

"Don't yo' mind 'bout that man," replied Pete Halliday, "er yo'll git into trouble."

"What does the nigger b'long?" asked the captain.

"I'm takin him ter Sparty."

"Yo' don't keep him under close watch," said Pete.

"Oh, he hain't no runaway nigger. He's got me in charge's much's I got him. He's b'longed to the family since befo' I was borned."

By this time the travelers had reached the camp, Buck's intelligent face contrasting with the stupid look which the negro was assuming.

The man who cooked for the band was busying himself preparing supper. With one accord the two girls took hold to help him. He at once dropped his implements and gave way, while all stood gaping at the unusual sight of two women who, masked, were cooking a meal for them. Helen occupied herself over the fire and managed an iron skillet, the only cooking utensil in camp, as dexterously as a chef. Jack took the tin dishes that composed the kit and "set the table," an art hitherto unknown at guerrilla meals. Then, when supper was ready, they insisted upon waiting on the men. No one objected to this save the captain, who by his protest a second time indicated that he had seen better days and knew something of deference to women.

The meal ended, the girls insisted on washing the dishes. When there was no more work to do, Jack sang out:

"Clar the way, you uns, an I'll give yo' a dance!"

CHAPTER X.
A DANCE FOR A LIFE.

THE proposition was received with shouts of approval.

"Yo' don't mean yo' kin dance?"

"Reckon."

"Good gal! Clar the way fo' a dance!"

"Yo' nigger, tune that banjo! It's lucky fo' yo' yo' got strings in it, er we'd 'a' made strings outen yer hide!"

The camp was on a circular piece of level ground so cut off from the sun by surrounding trees and bushes that no grass grew. The few scattered sprouts were soon cleared away. Ginger sat down on the log which lay near by, twanged his banjo, tightening or loosening a string, and then gave a preliminary flourish.

Jaqueline took off her sunbonnet, threw it a few feet away and stepped on to the clearing. There were mingled fear and defiance in her face that set my heart to fluttering. Though I did not know she was carrying out a preconcerted plan, somehow it got into my head that she was about to dance for my liberty—in other words, for my life. The thought maddened me. An impulse seized me to throw off the mask and defy the whole band. Helen, seeing the desperate resolve expressed in my face, gave me a look, partly imploring, partly commanding, that recalled me to a sense of my helplessness.

Jaqueline began sailing about, keeping time to Ginger's music, moving hither and thither with uncertain steps, as a bird will flit back and forth before moving away in its flight, or as a musician [illegible] will sweep his fingers over a harp before beginning his melody. Gradually the music grew quicker, and Jack, gathering confidence, forgot everything but the dance.

Since the entry of the two girls into the camp I had suffered one terror after another in quick succession, and now it struck me that in case Jack succeeded in fascinating this lawless group some of them, fired with a desire of possession, would break through all restraint. I had been wonderstruck that two defenseless girls should dare to come among them, and now I was stupefied that Jack should dance before them and that Helen should permit her to do so. But who shall measure the strength of woman's weakness? Mother Nature had taught Jack and Helen their power, and they went about their work with not a tithe of the fright that possessed me.

Meanwhile Jaqueline had drifted into the dance and was whirling, bending, floating, every muscle alive with its especial motion. At times she would lull, poise herself for a moment, then, like a fitful wind, start again with renewed fervor. At no time could there be discovered aught but delicate reluctance in her movements, and now it was her purpose to attract without exciting her spectators. Stimulated by frequent bursts of applause and by the rapt attention of the men surrounding her, she found her main incentive in a far deeper, nobler motive, feeling, as she did, the critical situation, the dread responsibility, for a human life resting upon her.

What a singular scene! The ring of ugly faces momentarily softened by the sight of grace and beauty; the captain, his sharp face turning with the dancer and following her wherever she went; Pete Halliday, standing with folded arms, lowering from under the broad brim of his sombrero, grinding his quid; Ginger's black face gleaming with pride at furnishing the music for his young mistress, inspiring her with his own inspired melody; little Buck, standing between two lank guerrillas in "butternut," staring at his cousin and forgetful of her danger in his interest in her work; Helen Stanforth, standing apart, her strong face wearing the expression of a general who watches a cavalry charge intended to turn a position on which hangs the fate of the day.

The guerrillas, not one of whom would hesitate to slit a throat at the slightest prospect of gain, were watching the little soubrette not only with admiration, but with respect. Once during her performance one of the men applauded with a ribald remark. He was standing by the captain, who stretched his arm, brought it down with a backward stroke and sent the man sprawling. Jaqueline saw the act and the approving looks of the others, who were in no mood to have their sport interrupted. The color left her cheeks, but she kept right on, and the episode passed without further consequences.

At a moment when the attention of the men had become riveted upon the dancer Helen, who had been gradually working her way from the group toward me, came and sat down on the log behind Ginger, where she was partially screened by him. Watching her opportunity, she deftly took a revolver from her pocket and concealed it in the folds of her dress. With her eyes fixed upon the group about Jack, she waited for a burst of applause, and when it came, reaching back, she dropped the weapon behind the log at my feet; then, rising, rejoined the circle. I pushed the revolver under the log with the toe of my boot, then kicked dirt and leaves over it. This accomplished, I breathed the most comfortable breath of relief I have ever drawn in my life. The whole situation seemed changed by that little [illegible] combination of bits of metal. Stooping, I slipped it into the leg of my boot and felt that half the battle was won.

At that moment the setting sun shone out from behind a cloud and shot lances of light through the trees, covering the group—the beautiful and the ugly, the good and the bad, the refined and the vulgar—with gilded splendor. I saw but Jaqueline. The usual levity of her disposition, her [illegible] expression of careless indifference, had given place to a serious intensity of being [illegible] purpose. Poising herself between two movements, the fading rays shone on her forehead. Then, flitting on her toes to another part of the ring, a quick succession of lights and shades passed over her brow, a flitting [illegible] fashion of sun flashes. Truly God is a wonderful artist, since he can touch even a dance with celestial purity.

Helen Stanforth turned to me. Pulling her sunbonnet forward so as to conceal her face from the others, though they were too intent on Jaqueline to notice her, she moved her lips, and though no sound came I knew she intended the word:

"Go!"

Near me was a tree, not far from that another, underbrush, bushes—just the cover through which to make a retreat. I could easily get down behind the log, crawl into the thicket and away. Now for the first time the purpose of dear Jaqueline was fully apparent.

But how could I leave these friends who had risked so much, accomplished so much, for me? I stood still and shook my head.

Again Helen looked an order for me to go.

"Not without the others," I whispered.

Sitting down on the log so as to be nearer to me, she replied in a low voice:

"We will leave here when you are safely away. She will dance on to keep them from knowing you have gone. We have planned it so."

"They will know you connived at my escape and murder you."

"Why should they? Go at once, or I shall consider you an ingrate."

She looked so anxious, they had all made such a noble effort in my behalf, that I could not find it in my heart to disappoint them.

I slipped behind the tree, dropped to the ground and wriggled like a snake through the underbrush; then, rising, darted away.

A dozen yards—fifty—a hundred! The music of Ginger's banjo dies as suddenly as the clang of a bell on a passing engine. Will one minute or five pass before I am missed? A distant burst of applause. God bless the dear little dancer! Before me is an open space, then a dense clump of trees. If I can reach that thicket I can make a quick digression, and this may throw my pursuers off my track.

A confusion of yells, a bullet whistling by my ear. I reach the wood and push on through it, not daring to lose distance by digression, with an enemy close behind me. My feet becoming entangled in a vine, I stumble and fall. A weight comes down on me, crushing the breath out of me. It is all over.

Panting, bleeding, white as a ghost, I am led back to the guerrilla camp.

"Shoot him!"

"Gimme a rope offen that pack mule!"

"Tie him on a critter an send him down the mounting!"

A babel of brutal suggestions came from the different members of the band, sounding to me, stunned as I was, like final random shots at the slaughter of a "forlorn hope." Amid the clamor I saw but one sight—Helen and Jack locked in each other's arms, paralyzed with terror.

"Stand back, men!" cried the captain, pushing his way toward me. "Have yo' forgot the money?"

"Stand back!" roared Halliday. "He belongs to me an Tom Jaycox! We tuk him!"

The captain's authority, thus supported, saved me from immediate death.

Panting and bleeding, I am led back to the guerrilla camp.

The men who were crowding around me gave way, a cord was brought, and my wrists and ankles were securely bound. No one seemed to suspect that Jack's dance had anything to do with my flight, except that I had taken advantage of the relaxed vigilance to make the attempt. Having tied me, they threw me to the ground, Halliday giving me a parting kick; a man was deputed to watch me, and the band, accustomed to such episodes, left me to turn again to what was far more interesting to them.

CHAPTER XI.
STEALING THE GUNS.

JAQUELINE once more became an object of undivided interest. The men crowded about her, staring at her, uttering exclamations of admiration, vainly seeking a way to do her honor. Presently they cut saplings, out of which they constructed a rude chair, decorating it with twigs, and one ill favored bandit, to whom nature had imparted a spark of art, gathered wild flowers with which to put on finishing touches. When the seat was completed, the men looked awkwardly at Jack, and the captain, presenting the tips of his fingers, led her to her improvised throne. Helen, who at the first sign that I was to be temporarily spared had recovered her equanimity and had infused some of her restored courage into Jack, saw at once the advantage of keeping up her cousin's popularity. Seizing some of the flowers, she wove them on a framework of green twigs into a circular garland and insisted on crowning the favorite, not Queen of May, for May had not yet come, but queen of a month far more appropriate—April.

By this time night had come on, a roaring fire was lighted, and the guerrillas, forming a ring of which Jack was the gem, threw themselves on the ground and listened to her chat, her songs, her stories, their fire lighted faces standing out of the gloom in grim contrast with her refined beauty. The captain, with his superior breeding, served as a link between her and his men, keeping them in check and stimulating their admiration by his own. If Jack flagged for a moment between her stories and her songs, Helen was quick to suggest new ones, and occasionally both were relieved by little Buck, who would throw in some quaint remark typical of that peculiar creature, the American boy.

So long as the songs and stories lasted there was nothing to precipitate trouble, but the entertainment could not go on all night, and I began to dread the moment when the girls should attempt to take their departure. Presently Helen in a firm voice said:

"Come, it's time for us to go."

Shouts of "No!" "A dance!" "A song!" greeted the proposition, and the guerrillas began to form in groups to resist an exit. Helen, selecting the noisiest knot of men, drew a revolver from her pocket and, cocking it, moved toward them with her eyes fixed upon them, calm and steady. Whether it was that they were cowed by the weapon or admired this evidence of woman's pluck, they opened a way. The captain, seizing the opportunity, quickly took Jack by the hand and led her after her cousin. Once beyond the ring, he assisted the girls to mount, then, mounting himself, the three rode away, followed by a cheer. As for me, I breathed one long sigh of relief.

"Well, Ginger," said Buck, "reckon ef we uns air goin to git to Sparty tomorrer we'll have to travel all night."

"Is the nigger takin ye' to Sparty or air yo' takin the nigger?" asked one of the men.

"Dat ain't gwine to mak' no diffe'nce," said Ginger. "Mars Buck an I don' never had no trouble. Mars' Buck, he's my mars' till I gits to de new one."

Buck led his horse to the log and mounted, giving me a significant look, as much as to say, "I won't desert you." Then rode away, followed by Ginger, with the banjo.

"Goodby, ye' fellers. Much 'bliged fo' the good time."

The restraint of the girls' presence being no longer felt, the men's behavior changed in a twinkling. The captain's absence left Pete Halliday, the worst man in the camp, free to foment trouble, and he began to do so by sneering at his chief for being brought, as he

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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Sophomoric.

Little Katherine sat at the breakfast table this morning, pondering the problems of school life. She aroused from her reverie to say:

"Well, next year Malcolm will be a lawnmower, won't he? I wonder why they will call him that."

"My dear," answered the mamma, "whoever told you that Malcolm will be a lawnmower?"

"You told me yourself," answered the child. "This year he was a freshman, next year he'll be a lawnmower, then a janitor and then a senior. And then he'll graduate."

"Oh, you mean sophomore," the mother explained. "I said that Malcolm would be a sophomore, not a lawnmower."

"I don't know that that makes any difference," was Katherine's comment. "One sounds just as well as the other, to be sure, but I know what a lawnmower is and I never heard that other word before."—Columbus Dispatch.

How French Girls Are Educated.

The children of the lower classes in the country, as well as in town, all go to public schools. Little girls of the better class have an English or German nursemaid or a resident governess. When they are sent to a boarding school they go to some convent, but in Paris courses which leave the young girl most of the time at home are preferred. The courses are weekly, semi-weekly or even daily classes. The government schools have hitherto been attended mostly by the free thinking element. Private schools are fast being transformed into day schools. Then there are private teachers for those arts called "accomplishments," which occupy a prominent place.—Th. Bentzon (Madame Blanc), in Ladies' Home Journal.

Singing Soldiers.

A London paper notes that during the recent Austrian manoeuvres the general in command tried the original experiment of using the singing of songs as a means of ascertaining the whereabouts of the different companies of the corps d'armée. He commanded each battalion of a division to learn a certain song of war and sing it when attacked. In this way he was enabled to discover, when some distance off, which battalion was being attacked by the enemy. The songs consisted of old folk-songs familiar to the men. To each battalion was attached a few musicians and drummers, who assisted the singing soldiers.—Youth's Companion.

Animal Millinery.

Observers of nature are frequently struck with the singular resemblances of insects to leaves, dried sticks, and so forth, and these likenesses are supposed to have grown out of the necessity of protection against, or concealment from, enemies. An interesting example of this kind of resemblance was recently brought to the attention of the Entomological society in London by Dr. Chapman, who exhibited a spider found inhabiting some rocks near Cannes, on which were also fastened the cases of a species of moth. When at rest the spider exhibited almost precisely the same form and color as the moth cases surrounding it.—Nature.

He Knew How to Handle 'Em.

"Don't pick me up," growled the bad man from Siwash; "I'm a live wire!"

"Thanks for the warning," said the gentlemanly bartender, "but it's all safe enough when you have the nippers properly insulated."

Whereupon he seized the live wire by his left ear with the ice tongs and hustled him hastily through the outer exit.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Writer and Reader.

A good and perhaps an old story comes from the Persian. A man went to a professional scribe and asked him to write a letter.

"I cannot," said the scribe. "I have a pain in my foot."

"A pain in your foot? What has that do with it? I don't want to send you anywhere."

"No, sir," said the man, "but whenever I write a letter for anyone, I am always sent for to read it, because no one else can make it out."—Youth's Companion.

Neatest Town in the World.

Broek, in Holland, is far-famed as the "neatest town in the world." It is so fastidious that until a few years ago horses were not allowed in the streets, and the entire town is as scrupulously kept as a man-of-war. It is a village of 2,700 inhabitants, the main industry of which is the making of Edam cheese.—Boston Transcript.

Test of Sobriety.

Agent—Allow me to impress upon you the good qualities of our flooring. In the whole width of the room there will not be a single crack.

Mrs. Bender—Oh, dear, then I wouldn't care for it. You see, I always like a long, straight crack for Henry to walk when he comes home.—Chicago Daily News.

At the Summer Hotel.

Proprietor—We have only one empty room—in the attic.

The Haughty Applicant—Think I'd be satisfied with a room in the attic?

"Well, it is often taken by folks who don't expect to be satisfied with it."—Puck.

Commendable Generosity.

"If a bashful man were to court you, Clara, would you meet him nine-tenths of the way?"

"Of course, Dorothy! If I felt him to be the right man I'd meet him eleven-tenths!"—Puck.

The First Step.

Maude—Can you speak French?

Mabel—A little. That is, I can shrug my shoulders.—N. Y. World.

At the Race-Track.

They find at the race track that pedigree does not always make the mare go.—Puck.

Meet Our Amenities.

This is one of the car stories which it is a pleasure to hear occasionally. The woman belonged to the lower class. Her hands were unmanicured—very much so—and her fingers covered with rings. She was a large, aggressive woman, who looked as if under all circumstances she could take care of herself. Unfortunately, such women do not limit themselves to getting merely their rights. They are apt to encroach upon the liberties of others. This, at any rate, is a car practice, and the woman, like other men and women of better breeding, was sitting sideways on the seat and monopolizing at least a seat and a half. She was sitting in this way when a gentleman entered the car. He was a gentleman, and entered quietly, walked up the car quietly, and took a seat which chanced to be beside the woman. But carefully as he took his seat he accidentally touched the woman on the shoulder. She turned upon him like a tiger.

"Do you mean to kill me?" she cried, savagely.

He lifted his hat and answered in a courteous tone while the passengers who had seen the incident listened eagerly.

"It would give me great pleasure to go to your funeral, madame, for then there would be one less rude woman in the world."—N. Y. Times.

Young at a Hundred.

If the present increase of the average of man continues, we will be in our youth when we are a hundred years old. We who are now living will not realize this condition unless we experience another incarnation or two, but when the time for it comes—under the conditional "if"—there will likely be mortals enough on earth with hopes, fears, trials, tribulations, pains and pleasures, the same as we have. The thought of centuries staggers us, and millenniums are beyond our comprehension, but little things like these do not bother nature, with whom a day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as a day. And she does not consider whether she is dealing with us, with the people of thousands of years ago, or with those who will be here in a thousand years from now. The average age of man has been increased seven and a half years in the last century, and at that rate the average length of human life will be about 110 years in ten centuries.—N. Y. Herald.

The Appeal to the Record.

Little Tommy returned, sore and trembling, from the torture room.

"Doesn't your papa ever thrash you?" he asked his chum, who is the son of a cabinet minister.

"I should say not!" replied the other loftily. "Every time he threatens to cane me I read him an extract from his great peace-at-any-price speech in which he said: 'These barbarians are like wayward children; but have we, on that account, the right to take away their heaven-sent privilege to do as they please? Let us treat them as we would our own wayward children—plead with them, beseech them, but never coerce them with either gun or rod!'"

"That's a good deal to remember," remarked Tommy.

"Yes; but now he's got so used to it that he drops the cane as soon as I start."—London Answers.

Soup in French Schools.

In the rural districts of France every pupil, boy or girl, takes to school in the morning a handful of vegetables and puts them in a large pan of water. They are washed by one of the older pupils, who take turns at performing this duty. Then the vegetables are placed in a kettle with water and a piece of pork, and are cooked while the lessons are going on. At 11:30 o'clock each member of the coöperative association has a bowl of hot soup. To cover the cost of fuel and meat, those pupils who can afford it pay from two to four sous a month.—N. Y. Sun.

Match Probable.

Aunt Hannah—Young Mr. Sweetser seems to be a frequent caller, Betty. Is it going to be a match?

Betty—How can I tell, aunt? 'Tween you and me, though, it looks kind o' promising. We have already begun to tell each other what food disagrees with us. O, you can't think what delightful conversations we have about cheese and gravies and sweetmeats and other things.—Boston Transcript.

An Iconoclast.

Grace—The word glorious is so ethereal. When it rises before us our imaginations are expanded into visions of sunsets, rippling runnels and pastoral poems. Ah, the word glorious is glorious in itself.

George—You are right. It sounds deuced forcible to say you were out on a "glorious jag."—Chicago Daily News.

Adaptation.

"Snickers' jokes are very thin," complained Dinsmore.

"Perhaps he makes them that way for your special benefit," suggested Winterbottom.

"How's that?"

"To enable you to see through them."—Detroit Free Press.

Points About Mexico.

Mexico is the largest of the Latin-American countries except Brazil, and it is a much more prosperous country than Brazil. Mexico's population is in the neighborhood of 14,000,000, while Brazil's is about 15,000,000.—Indianapolis News.

Same Thing.

Inexperienced Rider—What! you wish me to pay in advance? Are you afraid I shan't come back with the horse?

Proprietor of Livery Stable—Ahem! It is just possible the horse may come back without you.—N. Y. World.

New Cure for Frost Bite.

Electricity has been proved an effective remedy for frost bite. Circulation is set up and continues for a considerable time after current has been passed between poles applied to opposite sides of the affected member, but several applications may be necessary to complete the restorative process.—Albany Argus.

SWEET REVENGE.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.]

expressed it, under petticoat government. There appeared to be two factions in the band—the one headed by Halliday of Jaycox and the other by Captain Ringold. Halliday set about instigating the guerrillas, or, rather, his adherents, to go after Helen and Jack and bring them back for another dance. To make matters worse, one of the men found some applejack, and it was not long before the gang were half drunk. Meanwhile the captain returned and received a hearty cursing from Halliday and his adherents. Several of them started to bring back the girls, but Ringold drew upon them and threatened to shoot them unless they returned. They staggered back, grumbling, and the captain adroitly proposed another pull at the applejack. This diverted them, and after finishing the liquor one after another sank into a drunken slumber.

It was midnight. Every member of the band was asleep save the man who was deputed to guard me. He was sitting on a piece of firewood, so placed that he could watch me across the flame. I lay on my back looking up at the stars and featherlike clouds that now and again floated across the great blue dome, the only motion apparent save the tree tops bending under an occasional [illegible]. The fire flickered, the guard nodded, and an owl in the distance gave an occasional hoot.

I heard something stir in the underbrush. Glancing aside, I saw a small light disk over a bush. It was the face of little Buck.

Now, in the name of all the gods, will these devoted friends never give over risking their lives in these useless attempts? What is to happen now? I scowled an order to the boy to go away, but he paid no attention to it. Something came sliding along the ground and lodged against me. The guard heard it, started, cast a quick glance at me, then about him, but, seeing nothing, relapsed into his former quietude. I felt for what had struck me and clasped a jackknife.

Meanwhile Buck disappeared, but, soon appearing again in his place, held up a carbine. He had doubtless stolen it from one of the men who slept on the edge of the circle about the fire. Again he disappeared, and I watched eagerly for his return. The guard was still awake, though nodding, but had he been more watchful he would not likely have discovered Buck, for the underbrush, both where the boy appeared to me and where it skirted the sleeping guerrillas, was so thick that in passing around the camp he was comparatively safe from observation. Besides for most of the distance Buck traversed in his gun foray the guard's back was toward him.

I watch the point where Buck's head appeared, expecting to see it again, but in its stead presently see two white points. Straining my eyes, I discern the whites of two eyes, then a black face.

It is Ginger. A white line appears directly below the eyes, and he is showing his teeth in a smile. He raises his arm, and, behold, another gun! Again a white line of teeth, and he puts the weapon down. Five, 10, 15 minutes elapse. Ginger holds his ground. Has he gone to sleep? No. Another five minutes, and he holds up another gun. Ah, I see. Little Buck, with catlike tread, is gathering in the arms. That's well. He is far better fitted for such delicate work than a stiff old negro.

The little pantomime begins to take shape in my mind and bring anticipations of more than a fight for my own life. If I can escape and Buck and Ginger secure sufficient arms, it may be possible for all our party to get together and make a defense. I must tell Ginger to get some ammunition. But with a guard looking straight at me it is no easy task to convey an order by signs, and that to a stupid negro. Catching sight of a small stone beside me, I put out my hand, yawning to conceal my intention, let it fall on the stone and soon had it between the knuckle of my thumb and the point of my forefinger, as a boy holds a marble. Watching till the guard's head is turned, looking meaningly at Ginger, I fire the stone a short distance, hoping he will understand the word "ammunition." His face is a blank; it is evident that he does not know what I mean, and there is no prospect of his getting it through his thick skull.

Ginger turned away, and I knew that he was speaking to his young master; then Buck's white face showed itself inquiringly behind the negro's black one. I looked meaningly at Buck and repeated the motion of firing. He caught my meaning and, taking up a gun, made a motion as if ramming a cartridge, looking at me inquiringly. I indicated that he was right. He went away and after a long absence came back and held up four cartridges, two in each hand. Then, putting down the boxes, he held up three fingers, and I knew that they had secured three guns. He next held up four fingers of the other hand, pointing to the sleeping guerrillas, and I knew he proposed to get one more gun.

Buck was a long while capturing the fourth gun. One of the men awoke, yawned, sat up and looked into the fire, yawned again, lay down and was soon snoring. Then the guard got up from where he was sitting. There was a slight sound in the bushes, and he listened attentively. Then he put some wood on the fire and sat down again. He had scarcely seated himself before Ginger held up the fourth gun.

I moved slightly, showing my friends by my manner that I was about to try to get away. They appeared to understand and gathered up the guns, Buck taking one and Ginger three, doing all so silently that no sound reached even me. I waited, watching the guard intently till he should nod. I had no expectation of his going to sleep. I only hoped to free myself from my thongs before he should discover my movement. He nodded. I moved. He opened his eyes. I snored. He nodded again. I grasped the knife. Thoughtful Buck! He had opened the blade. Drawing up my knees, I cut the ropes that bound my ankles, then felt in my boot leg for the revolver. I was about to cock it when I remembered that the guard would hear the click. I thought I would conceal the sound by a sneeze, but a sneeze might disturb some of the band. The owl, which had for some time been silent, hooted. It usually gave three hoots in succession. I counted—one, two and at the third cocked my revolver. Through my half closed lids I cast a glance at the guard. His eyes were shut. I looked significantly at Buck and Ginger to show them that I was ready, then motioned them to go. Waiting long enough for them to put a few hundred yards between them and the camp and noticing that the guard's eyes were still shut, I prepared to follow.

Rising slowly and silently, keeping my eyes fixed on the man by the fire, raising my revolver and taking as good an aim as possible with bound wrists, I stood on my feet. One step backward, then another, a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth. I had reached the bushes where Buck and Ginger had been concealed and was about to take one more step which would secure concealment when the guard opened his eyes and looked straight at me.

Surprise was his last emotion, my figure the last [illegible] he ever saw. I shot him [illegible] he could rise before the report [illegible] to reverberate was in the bushes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Players Must Lose.

The most noted gambling resort in the world, Monte Carlo, is owned by a stock company, and its annual reports to its shareholders are prepared with a fullness, a precision and a wealth of detail that some railroad corporations might imitate with advantage to those interested in their operations. These reports show clearly that the expenses of the Monte Carlo company are enormous, and cover the widest imaginable range of outlay and subvention, but that the profits every year are sure and large. The percentage against the players is constant and destructive. Study of the figures should convince even the most sanguine of those who make their wagers on roulette or trente-et-quarante of rouge-et-noir that the bank must always prevail over the player in the long run.

Nevertheless, the deadly fascination of these games will continue to allure victims from all the world to Monaco until governmental action closes this glittering hell, as the superb temples of chance in Homburg and Baden Baden were closed years ago.—N. Y. Tribune.

No Worry in Hawaii.

A charming authoress, writing of Hawaiian women, says: They can't worry. They don't know how. They eat and sing, and laugh and sleep, and possess their souls in smiling peace. If one has a good dinner she invites her friends to partake of it; if she hasn't a good dinner, she laughs and goes to sleep and forgets to be hungry. And here, in this paradise of laughter and light hearts and gentle music, there is absolutely nothing to do but to care for the the children and old people, and to swim and ride. You couldn't start a reform circle to save your life—there isn't a jail in the place, nor a tenement quarter, and no out-of-door poor. There isn't a woman's club in Honolulu—not a club. There was a culture circle once for a few days. A Boston woman who went there for her health organized it; but it interfered with afternoon nap-time, so nobody came.—Presbyterian.

Captain Evans' Sense of Appreciation

In concluding his "sailor's log"—"Forty Years in the Navy"—Rear Admiral Evans says: "I was attending a reception in the chamber of commerce, where many people had assembled to greet me. A white-haired old gentleman stepped in front of me and, taking my hand, said: 'Captain, I want to know how it feels when you are sure that there are 70,000,000 of people each of whom would like to look into your eyes and say: "God bless you."' I could have told the kindly old man that it made me feel like fighting by day and watching by night, that danger in storm and suffering in tropic calm were but 'reasonable service' to such a country, and such fellow countrymen as I am bound to by every feeling of my heart."

Tasmania and Its Eucalypti.

Dr. Bentafield, who has lived for 27 years in Tasmania, ascribes the healthfulness of that island, where, according to his testimony, consumption and bronchitis are almost unknown, in large part to the influence of the eucalyptus trees, whose odor is everywhere apparent. The volatile essence of the eucalyptus oil appears to have an aseptic effect upon deleterious germs of all kinds. The trees sometimes attain great size. One that has been measured is 330 feet tall, and some are said to attain a height of 400 feet. The climate of Tasmania is also exceptionally fine, with much sunshine and a very pure air.—Youth's Companion.

Deficient in Geography.

Orders had been given by Capt. Knipe to pick up all suspicious-looking characters in Flatbush, and Magistrate Steers had one of them before him. He gave the name of Henry.

"Haven't any home?" inquired the magistrate.

"Naw."

"Where'd you come from?"

"Indiana."

"What town?"

"Chicago."

"Twenty-nine days in jail."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Spotted.

First Shirtwaist Man—There goes Mr. Schermerhorn in a new shirtwaist.

Second Shirtwaist Man—That is no new shirtwaist. That's one of his last summer shirtwaists—see how large the sleeves are.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, Sept. 7, 1901.

On October 7 the people of Connecticut will vote on the question of a Constitutional Convention.

It is said that our Government has agreed to buy the Danish West Indies and to pay for the same about four millions dollars.

A family jar costs something in the sultan's menage. After a recent fire in one of his palaces he exiled 701 palace officials, women and servants.

The Democrats of Massachusetts propose to nominate ex-Mayor Quincy of Boston for Governor and ex-Mayor Coughlin of Fall River for Lieut. Governor.

The excursion season still continues and large numbers of Bostonians continue to come here on the delightful weekly excursions run by the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Company. Last Thursday brought a full train load.

Sir Thomas Lipton arrived at Newport in his handsome steam yacht Erin on Saturday last and took a sail over the course when the Columbia and Constitution raced on Monday. He returned to New York Monday night.

Admiral Sampson who is summering at Sunapee Lake, N. H., is rapidly improving from his illness, and it is thought will be able to go to Washington as a witness in the Schley case when the time comes.

The great steel strike is about over and the corporation seems to have won a signal victory over the strikers. A strike that does not have right and justice and the sympathy of the public on its side cannot hope to succeed.

The Pan-American Exposition officials have at the present time $1,400,000 in their coffers, and it is conservatively estimated that when the gates have been closed on November 1 and all the obligations met there will be about $400,000 to be divided among the stockholders.

The Secretary of the Navy has a hard time in keeping his family in order. Just now it is up to Capt. Forsythe to explain why he commented unfavorably on Admiral Sampson's promotion. Sometime, perhaps, the officers of the Army and Navy will learn to keep their mouths shut concerning things that do not concern them.

The acceptance of the Columbia as the cup defender does not give universal satisfaction by any means. The committee who have assumed to themselves the honor of trying to keep the America's cup on this side the water have made many mistakes in this contest and if Shamrock II. carries home the cup, as many believe she will do, that committee will do well to retire to private life, and say little in the future.

Tomorrow, Sunday, the Governor, and his force of invited guests, with a company of the Rhode Island militia, will journey to Buffalo at the expense of the state to see the exhibition on the shores of Lake Erie and incidentally to be themselves seen by the admiring throng. This little junket will cost the state some ten thousand dollars. But never mind, the state is rich and we have got a big new three million dollar State House, which we can pledge for a loan, if it shall become necessary. The only trouble is the aforesaid State House is pretty well plastered over with bonds already.

The way our city council goes on piling up extra appropriations would seem to indicate a heavy overdraft at the end of the year. Some people in good position to know claim that the overdraft will reach nearly seventy-five thousand dollars. This is bad financeering. There was not a single object for which extra and additional appropriations have been made but what could have waited another year without detriment to the city; particularly the esplanade, which has been the dumping ground for the people's money all the year, and as we said when this useless work was begun some months ago, much more money will have to be sunk there before anything useful is accomplished.

Higher Education.

"Today there are 629 universities and colleges and 43 schools of technology in the United States. The total value of the property possessed by institutions for higher education amounts to $312,888,361, a gain in one year of $31,000,000. The endowment fund amounts to $154,120,630. The total income for the year 1899-1900, benefactions excluded, amounted to $27,739,154. The value of gifts and bequests during the year 1898-99 amounted to $21,925,436. Some $2,500 is invested for each student who is now enjoying the advantages of any of the institutions of learning. Classical courses," says Scientific American, "claim the greater number of students—35,595 out of 147,164—while 21,800 were taking general culture courses, 9,558 general science courses, 2,593 instruction in agriculture, 4,376 in mechanical engineering, 2,550 in civil engineering and 2,320 in electrical engineering, 1,032 students were studying mining engineering, 627 architecture, 9,501 pedagogy, and 6,698 were taking business courses. The number of degrees conferred during 1899-1900 for work done was 15,087—10,794 on men and 4,293 on women. Thirty-eight different varieties of degrees were conferred, and in some cases only one candidate received a degree—musical doctor, for example; 785 honorary degrees were conferred. In 1872 the number of students to each 1,000,000 of population was 678; in 1880 it had increased to 770, in 1890 to 850, in 1893 to 1,037, while in 1898 the number was 1,196."

Not So Bad.

What appears to be the most careful and intelligent inquiry of the conditions in the corn crop yet made has just been completed by Bradstreet's, and it shows a probable yield of at least 1,400,000,000 bushels. This would be a decline of about 700,000,000 bushels as compared with 1900, when the crop was 2,100,000,000 bushels, as estimated by the department of agriculture in Washington in its final figures. It would be a reduction of about 600,000,000 from the estimates made at the beginning of July, before the drought had come in destructive shape, and when rains were looked for at any day.

A falling off in the yield of corn or wheat does not necessarily mean a reduction in the income of the wheat and corn growers. In fact, the opposite is sometimes the case. The 1,212,000,000-bushel corn crop of 1891, for example, brought to the producers $10,000,000 more than did the 2,151,000,000 yield of the succeeding year. There had been a drop in price, as estimated on December 1 of each year, from 45.7 cents a bushel in 1891 to 25.3 cents in 1895. This more than offset the increase of over 900,000,000 bushels in the later year. In the present instance there is also an increase in prices as compared with 1900, and this is much more than the decrease in yield which is indicated at the present time.

It is, of course, the consumer and the railroad and general transportation interests, and not usually the producers, which suffer in a reduction of the crops. Unless the falling off amounts to about 50 per cent. the grower commonly makes up in increased price what he loses in decreased product. The loss to the railroads, steamboats and general public, however, may be serious in a shortage in yield. In the present case the loss will not be felt so severely as it would have been in an ordinary year, because the wheat yield this year is much greater than it ever was before, and the level of general prosperity throughout the country is higher than it has been at any time in the past. Here are allowances which have to be made in computing the effects of the corn shortage. Moreover, it will be possible if the weather be favorable from this time onward, to have a larger corn crop than the 1,400,000,000 bushels which is now indicated.

Not a Southern State.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat repudiates the idea that Missouri is or never was a Southern state. It says: "There never was a good reason for any classification which would put Missouri in the South. In the old days it was linked, theoretically, to the South through the existence of slavery, but slavery was only a small concern among the aggregate of Missouri's interests, and it had been growing smaller for decades before the civil war. This interest put it in partisan companionship with a majority of the other slave states; yet its leading statesman, Thomas H. Benton, was an anti-slavery man. He would protect slavery, as a vested interest, in the states where it existed, but he would restrict it rigidly to the region in which it prevailed. The territories he would make perpetually free. When slavery extension became an issue Benton took the side of the Republican party, though he supported Buchanan in the last canvass in which he (Benton) took part.

When the civil war began Missouri, by an 80,000 majority against secession, clung to the Union, and contributed 110,000 soldiers to the armies of the government. For partisan convenience Missouri was classed with the solid South when the South was solid, but this state's interests and activities were Northern and Western and not Southern. It is a corn and not a cotton growing state. It held a prominent place among the manufacturing communities of the country long before any of the other slave states got out of the list of purely agricultural localities. Though on the dividing line on meridians as well as parallels, and having a large trade with all sections, Missouri is a Western and not a Southern state, and always has been.

Our Growing Trade.

The growing disposition of the islands and countries adjacent to the United States, and especially those of the West Indian group, to trade with the United States is illustrated by some figures just received by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics regarding the commerce of Jamaica. These are contained in a British colonial report on Jamaica for 1899-1900. They show that of the exports of Jamaica 57 per cent. were sent to the United States in 1896, while in 1900 the share sent to the United States was 63.6 per cent. To the United Kingdom the share in 1896 was 27.6 per cent. and in 1900 19.2 per cent. The report says: "The value of the exports from Jamaica which go to the United States continues to increase in total value and in proportion to the whole amount of the trade. The exports to the United Kingdom diminish steadily. This tendency is largely due to the development of the fruit trade, which has hitherto been almost exclusively with the United States." The increase in exports to the United States has been accompanied by an increase in the percentage of Jamaican imports which come from the United States.

The street railroad company is having many of the closed cars that have run on the Fall River line lengthened out several feet, and new eight wheel trucks are to be put under them. When the repairs and alterations are completed they will be practically new cars.

Washington Matters.

Democratic Internal Dissensions Afford Some Interest—The Yellow Journals Arouse Feelings of Disgust—Women are Free in Washington—Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2, 1901.

Around the hotel lobbies the only political topic that affords any interest centers around taking chances on what Democratic state convention will repudiate Bryan and the Kansas City platform. So far there is quite a unanimity in that direction with just enough of a difference of opinion to make an inherent weakness in the Democratic ranks.

Next to that, Washingtonians are watching the constitutional convention of Virginia, now being held in Richmond. The Republican orators up to the present time have had the right of way and have unmercifully scored the Democratic party, particularly on its advocacy of no suffrage for negroes. Speeches have been made that have never been equalled for their severity of arraignment; the Democracy having been accused of political tyranny of the worst sort, and of fraudulent election methods. The Democratic party is now attempting to disfranchise the negro by a clause in the constitution, and already propose to submit this new state constitution for a vote of adoption by the people, excluding the colored men from voting on a document that is aimed to deprive them of the rights of citizenship.

There is a lethargic reaction and a general feeling of disgust arising from the persistent efforts of the yellow journals to make political capital out of the Schley court of inquiry. Most persons who have anything at all to say on the matter regret the wide spread advertisement that the papers have given to the case, and echo the sentiment of Chauncey Depew who has just returned from Europe. He regrets it on account of the serious reflection on our navy! In Europe he says it is hurting the reputation of the American navy among circles which formerly had great admiration for it. The victories over Spain, the remarkable run of the Oregon from the Pacific to Cuba, and perhaps more than all the value set on the naval writings of Captain Alfred T. Mahan have made all Europe look on our navy with much respect. But now these internal dissensions are dividing opinion.

If there is one thing more than another that is distinctive of Washington, and especially in the summer, it is the great freedom from restraints,—imposed by fear of molestation, that women have on the streets. They are treated with unfailing courtesy and consideration at all hours of the day and night. One of the peculiarly beautiful sights of the city comes from the number of pretty women on the streets in the evening, bareheaded and in the daintiest of summer dresses. They go about unescorted and as unconcerned as if on their own lawns. But this Washington chivalry received a rude shock a few nights ago when two young women were accosted by a couple of men while they were on a street car returning from one of the city's most refined suburban resorts. The men made some slighting remarks, frightening the two women, one of whom was hurt in attempting to get off the car to escape from her tormentors. Next morning the men were in the police court, where a heavy fine was imposed. In passing on the case the judge said: "Washington stands pre-eminent among the cities of the United States as a place where ladies may go on the street cars and public highways without danger of being insulted by blackguards, and the court is going to uphold the reputation of the city in this respect."

Much interest centers about the possibilities in the case of Jose Abreu, the first Filipino to hold a government office in this country. He is employed as a clerk in the Bureau of Insular Affairs of the War Department. He has been an insurgent, and as one of Aguinaldo's officers opposed the American forces in the Philippines. Now, however, he has the confidence of the Department to the fullest extent. Those who see him on the streets of Washington as a small and slender gentleman in American clothes, but with an undeniable Oriental appearance, find it hard to reconcile his present looks and occupation with his former known ability as an intrepid leader and fighter. His father was also an insurgent, but is now a leader of the Federal party in the islands. Mr. Abreu, the new clerk, is a linguist of extraordinary ability, and a close student of law. He will be of great assistance to the Department on account of his familiar and intimate knowledge of the islands and their customs. At present he is working on a Geographical Gazetteer of the Philippines and his acquaintance with the various provincial dialects is of particular value.

Acting Surgeon General Forwood of the army has just received a report of the medical department of the Philippine forces. "Johnny behind-the-gun" is exceptionally healthy, as army health goes, and the number of sicknesses has decreased rapidly under strict sanitary regulations. Enteric and malarial fevers are most to be feared, but the small percentage of "non-effectives" to the entire fighting strength is so low that it is plain these diseases are not making any serious ravages among the troops. A remarkable fact brought out by the report is that heat stroke, generally so much feared in the tropics, is practically unknown in the Philippines. Men often drop out on the march, temporarily overcome by the heat, but fatal stroke is very rare indeed.

Weather Bulletin.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 7.—Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent September 10 to 14, warm wave 9 to 13, cool wave 12 to 16.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about 14, cross west of Rockies by close of 15, great central valleys 16 to 18, eastern states 19.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about 14, great central valleys 16, eastern states 18. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about 17, great central valleys 19, eastern states 21.

Temperature of the week ending September 16 will average above normal with great heat, drouth and dangerous storms.

About date of this bulletin a cool wave will be in the great central valleys moving eastward and frosts will visit the northern states.

The coming winter will be notable for its fierce storms, deep snows, severe frosts, dangerous cold waves and great extremes of weather.

I will not now undertake to give details but in a general way will say that the great central valleys will have more rains and deeper snows than the eastern states.

I would not have any one suppose that our climate has made any sudden change. About 85 years ago the settled part of the United States had greater extremes of weather than anything that has been, or will be, experienced during 1900, 1901 and 1902 in any part of North America.

Therefore what has been will be again in the weather line, not perfectly so but approximately. Floods, drouths, cold and warm winters, great crops, crop failures will come as often as they have in the past.

One item, however, should ever be kept before the American people. The destruction of forests diminishes rainfall. The desert of Gobi, crossing Asia from southwest to northeast—over its highlands—the home of our ancestors, was made so by cultivation and the destruction of forests and its burning sands became a "flaming sword," separating the races that have moved away from it and in opposite directions till now they are meeting in conflict on the coasts and islands of the western Pacific ocean.

Early in the history of the Mexican Aztecs, when their millions lived in the country surrounding what we now call Great Salt Lake, great forests covered the mountains and valleys and the lake stood so high that it had outlets into the Columbia and Colorado rivers as the great northern lakes anciently had outlets through the Niagara and Chicago rivers.

But the Aztecs cultivated their lands and destroyed their forests till their country became a desert and they, like our ancestors, were compelled to turn from the "flaming sword" to new lands where the forests had not been destroyed.

Since the Mormons went to Utah the forests are slowly being restored and the water in Salt Lake is slowly, but surely, rising.

Our climate will make no permanent change unless the forests are destroyed, except for the better, where new forests are made.

Newport Horse Show.

The annual Newport Horse Show opened on Monday with a large attendance. The show was held in the grounds of the Newport Casino as usual and the surroundings presented a beautiful appearance. Society turned out in force during the three days that the show was in progress, and although the second day was marred by rain the exhibition was a success. The late Charley Bates, who had been a feature of many previous affairs of the kind was missed by those who attended the shows year after year.

Many of the entries were especially fine. Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt appeared in several classes and his entries were popular with the spectators.

In the two classes of delivery wagons owned by residents of Newport there were a number of entries and some very creditable exhibits were made. The prizes in these classes were awarded as follows:

Class 19, light delivery wagons, owned by citizens of Newport—First, Ernst Voigt's Casino; second, Muenchinger & Son's 24 Neva; third, B. F. Tanner's Bullet; fourth, Lappin's Jerry.

Class 20 A, pair of horses, shown before truck or wagon, for citizens of Newport—First, J. J. Dugan's Mollie and Ida; second, Pluniger & Manchester's black geldings; third, Ernst Voigt's Hop and Malt; fourth, H. L. Marsh & Co's Ben and Bill.

The exhibition closed on Wednesday when the championship events were on, and nearly every class on the program was represented. The attendance was quite large and the entries in the various classes called fourth much favorable comment.

Jockey Club Races.

The first series of races under the auspices of the Rhode Island Jockey Club were held on the grounds of the Westchester Polo Club on Thursday. Society turned out in force in every style of swell vehicle and the brilliant gowns of the feminine portion of the spectators made a very handsome spectacle. The grounds had been especially prepared for the events and were in fairly good condition. There was considerable delay in pulling off the various events and the waits between the races proved very fatiguing.

There was but one accident and this did not prove as serious as it looked. Mr. Buckley in some way lost his stirrup on the home stretch of the third race and was thrown violently to the ground. He was able to care for himself, however, and escaped with a few bruises and general shaking up.

The attendance of Newport people aside from the summer residents was not large.

The summary was as follows:

First race, flat, cup for polo ponies—1, Slats, C. M. Mackay, ridden by Mr. Keene; 2, Lady May, br., m., P. F. Collier, ridden by Mr. Buckley; 3, Rondo, Stanley Mortimer, ridden by owner.

Second Race, flat, open, purse $150—1, Chas. Phillip S. P. Randolph, ridden by Helder; 2, Sam Devere, R. Nelson Buckley, ridden by Smith; 3, Bummer, J. J. Dooley, ridden by Eagan; 4, Crimson Rambler, William C. Hayes, ridden by Baker.

Third race, flat, open, cup for ponies 14.2 and under, $10 sweepstakes—1, Joe Cotton, Stanley Mortimer, ridden by Mr. Foxhall Keene; 2, Moltsimo, E. C. Cowdin, ridden by Mr. Buckley; 3, Lady May, P. F. Collier, ridden by Mr. Evans.

Fourth race, flat, purse $150—1, Superfluity, William M. Kerr, ridden by Mr. Nichols; 2, Oswego, T. Gilfeather, ridden by Pierce; 3, Weary Willie, Clement N. Williams, ridden by Johnson.

Fifth Race, steeple chase, hunters, prize $250—1 Diver, William M. Kerr, ridden by Mr. Nichols. 2 Champion, William C. Hayes, ridden by Smith.

Sixth Race, steeple chase, open, prize $300—1 Perkin, Frederick Gebhard, ridden by Helder. 2 Trillion, William C. Hayes, ridden by Smith. 3 Owassa, Mr. Chamblet, ridden by Hicky.

Iron and Copper and Where They Are Found

Fully and interestingly described in the illustrated booklet containing large indexed map, plainly indicating the region in which this valuable ore is found, now ready for distribution by the Chicago & North-Western R'y. Copy will be mailed to any address upon receipt of two-cent stamp by W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth avenue, Chicago. 8-10-5w

Real Estate Sales and Rentals

Mrs. John Austin Stevens has rented her cottage on Rhode Island Avenue to Miss Georgiana G. King for the balance of the season.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold for Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. McCagg, a lot of land on Dresser street off Annandale road, containing some 9,403 square feet to Francis LeClercq. The lot adjoins Mr. LeClercq's present house and land.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Great Train Under New Name.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4th.—When the Southern Railway announces its winter schedule, its widely known and popular Florida train service between New York and St. Augustine, its famous New York and Florida Limited will have a new name. It will be called the Southern Palm Limited, and in spite of the elegance, luxury and comfort afforded heretofore, it will be demonstrated that the limit was not reached. The Pullman company is building entirely new equipment for the train, the perfection of which in completeness of appointment and beauty, it is promised, will surpass anything that has ever been attempted in passenger car construction.

$25.00 Colorado and Return

Chicago & North-Western Ry., $25.00 Hot Springs, S. Dak.; $40.00 Utah, all round trips, from Chicago September 1-10; $50.00 Chicago to San Francisco-Los Angeles and return, September 19-27. Quickest time. Service unequaled. Apply to your nearest ticket agent for tickets and full information or address J. E. Brittain, 368 Washington street, Boston, Mass. 8-24-3w

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

SEPTEMBER 1901. STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises		Sun sets		Moon rises		High water Morn		High water Eve	
7 Sat	5	32	6	23	0	8	2	48	3	08
8 Sun	5	33	6	22	1	11	3	48	4	00
9 Mon	5	34	6	20	2	14	4	33	5	00
10 Tues	5	35	6	18	3	17	5	28	5	51
11 Wed	5	36	6	16	4	20	6	10	6	35
12 Thurs	5	37	6	15	5	21	6	51	7	18
13 Fri	5	38	6	13	sets		7	33	7	43

Last Quarter 5th, 0h. 30m., morning.
New Moon 13th day, 5h. 9m., evening.
First Quarter 20th day, 0h. 23m., morning.
Full Moon 27th, 9h. 15m., morning.

First Class Farm For Sale.

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

Real Estate Agent, Newport, R. I.,

Offers for sale a farm of 32½ acres in Middletown, with dwelling house and farm buildings, in good order. Excellent land for raising vegetables and poultry. Price $1,500; will lend $800 on it. About 3 miles out of Newport, 10 minutes' walk from Fall River trolley line. This is a cheap, good farm. Telephone No. 320. Mr. Taylor's office, 124 Bellevue avenue.

Deaths.

In this city, 4th inst., Benjamin Mahlon Van Horn infant son of James and Jennie McCastor, aged 3 months, 23 days.

In this city, 4th inst., Mary, wife of John Stamford, aged 53 years.

In this city, 3d inst., at the residence of her parents, 24 Tilden avenue, Agnes, daughter of John M. and Bridget Sullivan, aged 15 years.

In this city, Sept. 1, Patrick, infant son of John and Sarah Lyons.

In this city, Aug. 31, John, son of Daniel J. and Mary Shea, of 13 Holland street, aged 1 year and 1 month.

Suddenly, in Warren, R. I., 4th inst., Thomas S., son of the late Charles and Elizabeth F. Brownell, of this city, in the 63d year of his age.

In Tiverton, at Eagleville, 3d inst., Ruth E., wife of George E. Estes, aged 15 years and 1 month.

In Providence, 4th inst., Samuel A. Briggs, 82; 4th inst., Margaret Kane, 51; 31st ult., George H. Luther, 60; 29th ult., Sarah A. widow of Samuel Harrison, of Fall River, 67.

In Fall River, 31st ult., Catherine, widow of Bartholomew Burke, aged 80 years.

Acreage Land For Sale Near Indian Avenue.

I have 18 acres of land, commencing at Green End Road and running northerly about ¾ of a mile. This is an excellent location for an ideal summer home, or could be used very profitably for farm purposes, it being in an elevated position, the view from here is very extended and very fine. I can offer this land for $1,800, and it is in close proximity to land held firm at $800 per acre, and is equally as good.

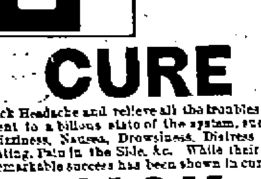
The John R. DeBlois Farm, on Gypsen Lane, comprising 41 acres of land and good farm buildings, I am also offering for sale. I am sole agent for both of the above places.

SIMEON HAZARD,

91 BROADWAY,

Telephone 330.

Fast men, like fast rivers, are generally shallow.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

MASTERS GAINING

Mill Forces Augmented by Return of Strikers

Damper on Their Hopes by Failure of Conference at New York

Pittsburg, Sept. 5.—Agitation and uneasiness prevail in the ranks of the strikers, caused by apparent unfavorable developments of yesterday. The leaders, however, profess to be satisfied with present conditions, and claim that ultimate victory will be theirs.

Much was hoped for from the peace conference in New York, but the announcement of the failure to reach a decision put a damper on these hopes. Still many hold to the belief that the matter now being up to the strike leaders to accept or reject, whatever may have been the proposition made yesterday, a settlement will speedily be reached.

President Shaffer's only remark when shown the announcement of the adjournment of the conference without decision was: "I have no comment to make." He would say no more on the subject.

The steel officials are in a very confident mood, and appear to think the strike is broken effectually, and that only a few more days will be required to make it a thing of the past.

The return of the 400 tube workers at McKeesport and the report that 150 or more went in at the Pennsylvania Tube Works under the protection of Sheriff McKinley and 75 of his deputies at Demmler, where a start was made this morning, give much weight to this belief. In addition to these breaks, the steel officials claim increased numbers at the Star, the Lindsay & McCutcheon, the Painter and the Clark mills, and say other plants will now be put into service rapidly.

Pittsburg, Sept. 6.—It was rumored in Pittsburg last night that the great steel strike practically was settled, but later this was found to be untrue.

Thursday was spent by the Amalgamated advisory board in secret conference behind closed doors that were guarded closer than ever before. The newspaper "dead-line" was drawn most effectually. When the final adjournment for the day came, those who had been inside headquarters refused to say a word in answer to insistent questioners, and volunteered no statement.

The officials of the association are believed to have submitted a counter proposition which came the nearest to what they believed could be accepted by them with honor to themselves. This proposition was sent to New York, and, in reply, word came last evening that they were unsatisfactory, and all negotiations were off.

This last information comes from an official source, and it was further stated that, in view of the total failure of the peace negotiations, the officials of the American Tin Plate company will place additional men in the Demmler Tin mills today. They were ready yesterday, it was said, but held off in order to wait possible developments for peace, which might make it unnecessary to place them there.

The only approach to a statement of the condition of affairs was made by Trustee Pierce yesterday, who said it was impossible to accept the proposition made by the United States Steel corporation, as by doing so some of the members of the Amalgamated association would suffer. "It would be unjust to our members," said Mr. Pierce, "to accept such terms. We have made no counter proposition, and still insist upon the terms made, and are willing to arbitrate the differences."

Aside from the mysterious conference, there was nothing of a startling nature transpiring in the strike in Pittsburg. The steel officials claim a big gain in the addition of 225 men at the National Tube works, at McKeesport, making the total number of men at work 625. They also claim accessions at the Pennsylvania Tube works and Continental plant in Pittsburg. The strikers offset this by claiming that the Demmler mill could not be started yesterday as officially scheduled, because of the lack of men. Manager Lauck of the Demmler plant declares that 100 men are ready to go to work.

It was learned late last night that, at the request of the conciliation committee, Mr. Schwab had agreed to extend the time for the acceptance of his offer to this evening. This proposition, it is understood, stipulated that the mills which the United States Steel corporation had succeeded in opening as non-union mills should remain non-union, the company being unwilling to abrogate the contracts which it has made with the men who are now at work in those mills.

Fatal Elevator Accident

Randolph, Mass., Sept. 6.—A fall of three stories in an elevator killed Thomas O'Niell, aged 15 years. He was reaching for the elevator rope, and lost his balance.

Gift May Be Rejected

Sharon, Pa., Sept. 6.—An offer of Andrew Carnegie to place a pipe organ in the Central Presbyterian church at Newcastle is meeting with bitter opposition, and serious trouble in the congregation is threatened. Mr. Carnegie's agent came to Newcastle to take the measurements for the instrument. When it became generally known that the gift was to be accepted ominous mutterings were heard. It now looks as if the gift will be refused.

Long Swim Begun

Boston, Sept. 2.—In a drizzling rain and a strong easterly breeze, which made the water choppy, Peter McNally started from Charlestown bridge at 2:16 yesterday afternoon on his attempt to swim to New York. There were about 2000 people on the bridge when he dove from the bridge. When he came to the surface he was cheered. He then started out on his journey.

Grievance of School Teachers

Manila, Sept. 5.—The newly arrived American teachers, at a mass meeting, have decided to cable to the president complaining that they were promised commissary privileges, and that they now find their expenses are double what they were assured they might expect. They think they are badly used.

WORK OF A FIEND

Woman Murdered and Body Mutilated at Kittery, Me

Other News of Interest From Various Parts of New England States.

Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 5.—A tragedy, rivalling in horror the butcheries of Whitechapel—its victim, like those of the London slums, a woman—has drawn the folks of this section into a state of frenzy, and has started the people of two states upon a man hunt that they say will not end until the murderer or murderers are in custody.

Mrs. Sarah E. McDonald, a woman twice married, and reputed loose in character, was killed, and her body mutilated in a manner that turns the blood cold.

The autopsy on the body showed the woman was evidently knocked in the head, then strangled, then a stick was forced into her body, and she was almost impaled upon it. The prints of fingers were plainly visible upon her throat. On her right ear there were the marks of teeth, as though her assailant had tried to bite her ear off.

A knife wound in the back was undoubtedly the cause of her death, and from this a large amount of blood had come when the body was found.

Kittery, Me., Sept. 6.—The authorities believe that in Charles McCland they have the man who may explain the murder of Sarah E. McDonald and the mutilation of the body in a fiendish manner. McCland was before the coroner's jury yesterday, and he admitted that the whisky bottle found near the body of the dead woman was his. It is also said that he was seen near the scene of the crime, and that he got off a car with the intention of walking home with her.

He admitted that he left the car upon which Sarah McDonald was also a passenger, a mile and a half before he would have left it if he were going directly home to his wife. He admitted that he said he "guessed he would get off and walk home with Sadie."

He does not explain why he left the car when he did. He does not know when he got home, because his wife says she was asleep and does not know when he entered the house. She does say that he came home drunk, however.

Horse Dashed Into Crowd

Laconia, N. H., Sept. 6.—An accident caused injuries more or less severe to five persons at the agricultural fair yesterday. A Mr. Sullivan was injured about the head and will lose an eye. John Smith had a leg broken, Ernest Derault had a leg badly cut and strained, and one woman had a foot crushed and another had ribs broken. The accident was caused by the running horse Manhan breaking away from his groom at the stable, and dashing into the crowd on "fakirs' row."

Death to Be Investigated

Edgartown, Mass., Sept. 6.—The death of Mrs. Hattie W. Cleveland of Vineyard Haven is to be made the subject of an official investigation. Dr. C. S. Lane gave the primary cause of death as asthma, and a secondary cause an overdose of morphine. Believing that the circumstances warranted an investigation, Town Clerk Swift has turned the case over to District Attorney Holmes.

The Lane Murder Case

Greenfield, Mass., Sept. 6.—"I am not guilty," said John D. Cassels of Springfield, when called to plead to the charge of murder in the first degree, in causing the death of Mary J. Lane of Longmeadow, Feb. 20 last, before Judge Aiken yesterday. The Judge appointed Stephen A. Taft as senior counsel for the prisoner.

Parental Blessing Bestowed

Lowell, Mass., Sept. 6.—Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Leslie, whose honeymoon was interrupted Wednesday by the appearance of the irate father of the bride, Lawrence L. Spencer of North Andover, returned here last night. Mr. Spencer had given his blessing to the eloping couple and the honeymoon was resumed.

Another Prize For Warreps

Nashua, N. H., Sept. 6.—The Warren Engine company of Pepperell, Mass., the winners at many firemen's musters, returned home last night with another prize, having been victorious over eight competitors in the playout at the Nashua fair. The Warrens' record was 231 feet 8 1-2 inches.

Railroad Men Must Be Vaccinated

Boston, Sept. 6.—The prevalence of smallpox in this city, about a dozen cases being under observation, has caused the issuance of an order that the employes of the Elevated railroad must be vaccinated, at the company's expense. One of the company's employes has the infection.

Fatality at Fair Grounds

Lewiston, Me., Sept. 6.—George N. Thornton of Chesterville, aged 35, was standing outside the fair grounds fence this yesterday, when a 22 calibre shot from one of the target practice tents inside the grounds struck him, and he died in a few minutes.

Passing of the Horse Car

Boston, Sept. 6.—There is now no street railway line in Massachusetts that is operated by horse power. The last horse car line was superseded by the trolley yesterday. It is the old line from Onset Junction to the Independence Point bridge.

Shooting Championship Settled

Concord, N. H., Sept. 6.—C. F. M. Stark of Dumbarton and A. S. Langley of Exeter met here yesterday to decide the trap shooting championship of the state by a 100 bird match. Incidentally a stake of $50 a side was up. Stark won, 87 to 86.

Hard Season For Fishermen

St. John's, Sept. 6. Advices from southern Labrador show that Arctic ice continue to blockade the coast. This state of things never was known before within the memory of the colony. The fishery is the worst on record in the more northern parts. Thousands of fishermen are changed to a very poor season for the work of an arduous season.

ECUADOR CHIPS IN

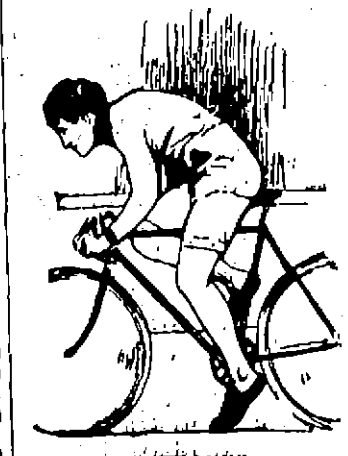
Will Furnish Vessels and Men to Back Up Rebels on Isthmus

Washington, Sept. 6.—A cablegram was received here yesterday from an authoritative source in Cali, Colombia, near the Ecuadorean border, stating that Ecuador had intervened as against Colombia, with an admiralty well equipped army and with vessels of war. Under these circumstances, the cablegram states, that it will be necessary to meet the move of Ecuador by having Colombian war vessels in Pacific waters near the Colombian-Ecuador frontier.

The information in the cablegram is considered clear evidence of Ecuador's intention to join forces with the rebel Hess element on the Isthmus of Panama. Until now Ecuador has maintained strict neutrality.

Johnny Nelson Badly Hurt

New York, Sept. 5.—There was a bad spill in the second mile of the 15-mile motor-paced race between Nelson and Michael at the Madison Square Garden last night. One of the motor pacing machines collapsed, and Nelson was



Johnny Nelson.

very seriously hurt. His chief injury is in the calf of the leg, the muscles being ripped and severed. It is not believed that he will be able to ride again this season, if ever. The motor men were only slightly hurt, and Michael was not hurt at all.

Boralma's Colors Lowered

Hartford, Sept. 6.—A big audience at Charter Oak park witnessed the defeat of Thomas Lawson's gelding, Boralma, by C. J. Hamlin's Lord Derby. The race between these two was one of the finest of the year, and it was only decided after five heats had been trotted. The starters were Boralma, Lord Derby and The Monk. As much as $90,000 went into the pool box. Boralma was a tremendous favorite before the start at odds of 3 to 1 for the other two.

Robbed in Peculiar Manner

Medford, Mass., Sept. 5.—Mrs. A. P. Goodrich of this city, in company with two ladies, was walking along Emerson street last night, when two men on a tandem rode up to them on the sidewalk, and in passing the women one of the men grabbed Mrs. Goodrich's chatelaine bag, containing considerable money and valuable papers. The men did not stop as the bag was taken, and in an instant they disappeared.

A Police Shakeup

Boston, Sept. 2.—By general orders of the police board on Saturday, one captain was retired, four lieutenants were promoted to captaincies, five sergeants were made lieutenants, four patrolmen were made sergeants, and 22 officers were commended for meritorious services. The changes, which include numerous ones of a minor kind, are said to mean reorganization of the police force.

Greer Wins Sculling Race

Boston, Sept. 3.—Frank B. Greer, the Jeffries Point sculler, vanquished Charles Lewis of the Wachusets of Worcester, in the championship senior single scull race at the N. E. A. R. A. regatta on the Charles river yesterday, defeating Ten Eyck's double scull mate by about two lengths in the fast time of 9:53.

Friends Allege Failing Memory

Alfred, Me., Sept. 5.—Alleging that Hon. E. P. Burnham of Biddeford, president of the Saco and Biddeford Savings institution, is no longer mentally competent to handle his property on account of failing mental faculties, a petition was presented by his relatives at the probate court here yesterday for the appointment of a guardian.

Champaign Sent to Jail

Portland, Me., Sept. 5.—Jose Champaigne of Westbrook was arraigned yesterday, charged with assault with intent to kill Archi Archambeau. The hearing was continued until Sept. 12, so that the case may first be brought to the attention of the grand jury. As he could not furnish $2000 bail, he was committed.

Two Incendiary Fires

Lowell, Mass., Sept. 4.—There were two incendiary fires in this city this morning in the Card Clothing company building, on Shattuck street. The damage was slight, but as the building is a large wooden one in a business neighborhood the fire was a dangerous one. George T. Spence was arrested on suspicion.

Valuation of New Hampshire

Concord, N. H., Sept. 5.—The state board of equalization announces that the total valuation of the state, exclusive of railroads, is $250,326,220.60, and that the taxes to be raised are $4,391,475.83, making the rate of state tax $1.69. The valuation of the railroads will be fixed at a special hearing.

New England League Season Closed

Boston, Sept. 3.—The New England league season closed yesterday with the Portland club champions. Up to the last of the campaign it looked as if Manchester would press the leaders closer, as Manchester was winning strongly, while the Portlands were losing ground. Both clubs made a very plucky struggle.

Not to Work in Philippines

Boston, Sept. 4.—The officials of the American Board of Foreign Missions have found it necessary to issue a denial of the current reports that the board has decided to undertake missionary work in the Philippine Islands.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

Frederick B. Abbott, a shoe manufacturer in Lynn, Mass., has filed a petition in bankruptcy, showing liabilities to the amount of $10,617.

Edward Brown, 13, was drowned at Gardiner, Me.

John Hooper, former proprietor of the Bowdoin Square hotel, Boston, has submitted his affairs to be solved by the bankruptcy court. His liabilities amount to $33,311.

While Louisa Lavender, 9 years old, was carrying her 7-months-old sister across a second-story piazza at Woonsocket, R. I., she stepped into a hole in the floor, and in throwing up her arms to save herself, dropped the infant to the ground. The child's skull was crushed and it died.

Harry Washburn died at Colebrook, N. H., as the result of a collision, while bicycle riding, with a team driven by Darius Shattuck.

A son of Rev. Mr. Tracey of Wilton, N. H., died as a result of heart failure while swimming. He was 23 years old, and was a teacher in the schools at Enfield.

A fainting man, who threw himself in front of an engine at Mansfield, Mass., is thought to have been Arthur Mellberry of New Haven.

At a meeting of the Bethel Advent church of Manchester, N. H., Elder Joseph Mott of Concord was called to the vacant pastorate.

An unusual clause in a will was that leaving $25 to pay for burying his cat beside him, provided in the will of William H. Bakeman of Gloucester, Mass., offered for probate at Salem.

Dr. Samuel Porter, aged 91, one of the most widely known teachers of the deaf and dumb in the country, died at Farmington, Conn., from a gradual decline of health, due to advanced years. He graduated from Yale in the class of 1829.

A fall from a bridge into the canal beneath at Blackstone, Mass., caused the death of John Dowding, aged 6, by academic.

Lewis F. D. Smith of Boston was instantly killed at Harwich, Mass., by the accidental charge of a revolver which he was cleaning.

Dartmouth college will celebrate the 100th anniversary of the graduation of Daniel Webster, on Sept. 24 and 25. The celebration will be rather civic than academic.

The burning of a dance hall at Berlin, N. H., at one time threatened the destruction of a number of tenement houses near by, but the firemen succeeded in confining the flames to the dance hall, which is almost a complete loss.

George A. Nickerson died at Dedham, Mass., and the town has lost its wealthiest citizen. He was born in Boston in 1851, and represented Dedham, Westwood and Norwood in the last legislature.

Despondency caused Robert Kerrigan of Lowell, Mass., to take his life by hanging. He was 50 years old.

A passenger train ran over and killed George Engoot, aged 14, at Hinsdale, Mass.

At the Kirk Street Congregational church, Lowell, Mass., Rev. W. E. Bartlett tendered his resignation, in order to accept a call to the First Congregational church of Chicago.

As a result of injuries alleged to have been received in a row with a man named Sweeney, M. J. Holland, a hotel keeper, died at Berlin, N. H. No action has yet been taken regarding the alleged row between the men.

Cristopher Hooker, aged 13, took his life at Pittsfield, Mass., by shooting. Despondency is supposed to have been the cause.

The Marlboro, Mass., trotting park, which was built two years ago, at an expense of $15,000, has been sold at auction to Henry Parsons for $3000, to satisfy a mortgage.

The islands of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, which have been without telegraphic connection since Aug. 19, are now within reach, for the break in the cable has been repaired.

The plant of the Hooksett Manufacturing company at Hooksett, N. H., has been purchased by the Dundee mills, a corporation organized under the laws of Maine. The new owners have taken possession, and the mills will be started up at an early date.

The new memorial library building presented to Hampton Falls, N. H., by J. T. Brown of Newburyport, Mass., has been formally turned over to the town.

Long immersion in water had made unrecognizable the body of a middle aged man found in Salisbury brook, Brockton, Mass. The body is that of a man weighing 170 pounds, 5 feet 10 inches high, with light hair.

The village of East Dummerston, Vt., was brilliantly lighted up at the expense of Vernon C. Manley, whose saw and cider mill was destroyed.

Salem, Mass., lost one of its most widely-known old time ship masters in the death of Captain E. A. Emerson, aged 77. He was president of the Merchants' National bank, and vice president of the Salem Savings bank. He was the founder of the Bertram home for aged men.

New Summering Place In Maine

Rockland, Me., Sept. 2.—The Rockland, Thomaston and Camden Street Railway company has purchased a wooded estate of some 74 acres, situated along its line in Rockport. There is about half a mile of shore frontage. It is the purpose to convert the property into a fine pleasure resort.

Old Flyer to Become a Barge

Providence, Sept. 5.—Steamer Providence, once the most palatial sound steamer, left port under tow for Boston yesterday, to be converted into a barge. The old craft was built 34 years ago at a cost of about $1,000,000. Her career as a sound flyer was an eventful one.

Royalty Headed For Canada

St. Vincent, C. V. I., Sept. 6.—The royal yacht Ophir, with the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on board, sailed for Quebec yesterday. According to the program the Ophir is due to arrive at Halifax Sept. 15.

Fear of Anarchist Outrage

Copenhagen, Sept. 6.—A member of the Russian suite asserts that Emperor Nicholas would have liked to visit Paris, but he has been dissuaded by his private police, who fear an anarchist outrage.

GASTON AND HAMLIN OUT

Bay State Democrats Will Nominate Quincy For Governor

Boston, Sept. 4.—Josiah Quincy is willing to accept the nomination of the Democratic party for governor of Massachusetts. William A. Gaston and Charles A. Hamlin, after conferences with Mr. Quincy, have taken themselves out of the contest, and last night each of them issued a statement warmly indorsing the proposition that the party put the ex-mayor of Boston at the head of the state ticket.

Josiah Quincy.

The declarations of Messrs. Gaston and Hamlin make the nomination of Mr. Quincy assured, and this conclusion of the preliminary canvass may now be regarded as a settled fact. The convention is to be held in Boston on Oct. 8.

Big Gambling Raid

New York, Sept. 6.—The Society For the Prevention of Crime yesterday raided a chartered club opposite the Waldorf-Astoria. Over 100 men were in the place, but only five were arrested. The warrants were issued by Justice Jerome. The prisoners were taken to the station, and the justice left word that he would accept bail in $2000 each. Every known appliance of gambling was found in the rooms. Entrance was effected by smashing in the doors. Seventy-five men were found on a ladder secreted in a shaft. Five telephones and private telephone books were also found in the place.

Imaginary Hydrophobia

Lynn, Mass., Sept. 2.—Barking like a dog, and at times foaming at the mouth, William F. Waters, aged 38, died, after spending 20 hours at the Lynn hospital. About a year ago he was bitten by a dog, and since that time he has predicted he would get hydrophobia. He was taken sick Thursday, when he began to growl and snarl, and gradually became worse until he died. Doctors diagnosed the case as imaginary hydrophobia, and declared that he had actually worried himself into the semblance of the disease.

Prohibitionists' Ticket

Boston, Sept. 3.—The Prohibitionists of Massachusetts laid down the gauge of battle yesterday by declaring their principles and naming their ticket for the impending state political campaign. For governor, J. B. Lewis, Jr., of Reading; lieutenant governor, W. H. Partridge of Newton; secretary of state, F. W. Clark of Boston; treasurer and receiver general, G. E. Batchelder of Lynfield; auditor, J. W. Smith of Dalton; attorney general, Allen Coffen of Nantucket.

Clam Digger Found Big Pearl

Prairie Du Chien, Wis., Sept. 6.—The finest pearl yet found in the Mississippi river was discovered here yesterday by William Burns, a clam digger. It is egg-shaped, of fine quality and weighs 42 grains. It was sold for $1000.

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Do your eyes blur at times? Do they hurt after reading? Are there frequent headaches? Are the muscles around the eyes drawing wrinkles and crow's feet?

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THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

I hear it beat in morning still
When April skies have lost their gloom,
And through the woods there runs a thrill
That wakes Arbutus into bloom.

I hear it throb in sprouting May—
A muffled murmur on the breeze,
Like mellow thunder leagues away,
A booming voice of distant seas.

In jubilee June I catch its roll,
Pulsing through the leafy shades
And felt I am to reach its goal,
And see the drummer unafraid.

Or when the autumn leaves are shed,
And frosts attend the fading year,
Like secret tidings riding by my head
A covey bursts from hiding near.

I feel its pulse 'mid winter snows,
And feel my own with added force,
When red fox drops his cautious pace,
And forward takes his humming course.

The startled birches shake their curls,
A withered leaf leaps in the breeze—
Some hidden mortar speaks, and hulls
Its feathered missile through the trees.

Compact of life, of fervent will,
A dynamo of feathered power,
Thy drum is hurled in the spring,
Thy flight is music every hour.
—John Burroughs, in Atlantic.

The Girl of the Saratoga

By J. P. Coughlin.

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THE last warning shout had been given and already the gang plank was being pulled away, when I dashed down it, a bag in either hand and the tails of my mackintosh flying in the air. I landed on the deck with a jump, and down at my heels almost banged my large thickstone, hitched by the unlucky arms of the Liverpool cab driver who had taken me to catch the tender for the American boat. The heavy bag did not stop where it landed, but ricochetted along the smooth deck until it bumped upon a respectable Saratoga upon which was sitting a girl with her back turned to the direction of the missile that disturbed her so unceremoniously. She jumped up with a scream. It was useless for me to attempt dissimulation, for the eyes of the entire deckfull of passengers were upon me. The offended young woman, a tall, straight, handsome girl I noticed even then, glared full upon me.

I stammered something foolish, but the brown eyes were unrelenting. In despair, I threw up my hands. "I'm awfully sorry, but I'm not guilty! there is the criminal on the deck!" and I pointed to the John, who stood on the landing grinning at the mischief he had worked.

A sweeping glance of indignation, and I had leisure to study the back of the fair enemy my two athletic driver had made for me. It was worth studying, too. There is a vast deal of character in a back. It is the foundation

IT WAS SUNDAY MORNING WHEN WE SAILED UP THE DELAWARE.

on which the body is built. As I rescued my errant bag I noticed the mass of dark hair that surmounted the back. Dark hair and brown eyes are always a dangerous combination.

After a brief sail down the Mersey we reached the liner waiting to take us to Philadelphia. Those solid old boats, making no pretence of speed or fashion, were always my favorite Atlantic ferry. The rest and comfort of their ten days' trip make a sea spell enjoyable.

I dodged the young lady of the Saratoga as we made the transfer to the Waterland, and for the first few hours of the trip was too busy fixing up my stateroom to go on deck and take a glance at my fellow-passengers. When the dinner-bell rang I was ready with an acute appetite.

I found my place, as an old traveler, beside that of the captain. As luck would have it, on the other side of our official host was seated my girl of the Saratoga. Fortunately, the table was full, as was indeed the entire saloon, for we had not yet reached the open sea, and our maiden travelers had their first waves to experience.

Good Capt. Ebers was busy recognizing a friend here and there and in becoming pleasantly acquainted with those at his table, left my vis-a-vis and myself to the silent occupation of eating. Now and then I dared a look at those brown eyes, but they never met mine except with a frigid glare. For the most part they rowed over the chattering saloon, and in them lurked a smile at the reckless exhilaration of the first-time out passengers.

Next morning the girl of the Saratoga and myself entered the saloon at the same moment.

"All! here come the victims," called out the hearty old captain. Except for ourselves the saloon was deserted of passengers. "Wonderful how a little sea will keep our folk to their cabins," as we seated ourselves at the table with an amused glance at the deserted board.

Capt. Ebers is a tactful man. He was quick to see the constraint between my fellow "victim" and myself, and he laughingly said:

"Two such hardy travelers should have a formal introduction, though it is usually a superfluous formality on shipboard. Miss Gray, permit me, Mr. James Fisher, our most steady patron! we are thinking of giving him a pension when he gets too old to travel any more. Curious that you never met, for you have both cruised with me many times." The captain rattled on determined to put us at out ease once and for all.

Shipboard friendships, especially between hardened travelers, progress rapidly, and once forgiven for the assault the thickstone made on the Saratoga, Miss Gray and myself became friendly, even to the extent of chumminess. That is her word. I disclaim responsibility.

In six days at sea two people will have exhausted all ordinary topics of conversation. Then they begin on affairs that on land would be sacred after a decade's acquaintance.

We had the deck to ourselves, and were sitting behind the protection of a deck cabin. I had been, as if I were still a boy, retailing much better conducting myself and my doings.

"And now," I said, as I came to the end of the chapter, "I am actually running away back to America for fear of a marriage happening to me."

"You are becoming interesting. Please go on."

I ignored the badinage, which, indeed, was unworthy of her. "Yes, it is a fact. My dear Aunt Eliza was planning a descent upon my bachelorhood, with a 'dear girl' in her train and, knowing auntie's propensities, I just skipped. I shall probably go to the Philippines via San Francisco."

"How funny, dear my cousin, too. Not about going to the Philippines; but I am also running away from a prospective matrimonial alliance. Such things have happened, but wouldn't it be curious if it were we who were running away from one another?"

"That would be curious," I assented.

"Speak for yourself, please, but, seriously, we must investigate and settle the matter."

"That is easily done," I replied. "Do you know my Aunt Lizzie?"

"I haven't the pleasure."

"Then you don't know my Aunt Lizzie, for if you did you would not think of knowing her was a pleasure. That sounds very like a pun, but I think it will stand the test. However, if you do not know my Aunt Lizzie, you certainly can't be the dear girl she was bringing to bear upon me, and, therefore, it is evident that I am not running away from you. Q. E. D., as they say in Euclid."

"Well, I suppose it is equally clear that you were not the particular man I was running away from."

It was Sunday morning when we sailed up the grand old Delaware. Miss Gray and I were leaning over the rail watching the green and gold of the shore as it slowly unrolled before us.

A puffing little tug was coming to meet us, and we knew that it contained the health officer and the advance guard of customs men.

My companion was unusually silent, and indeed I was in no mood for light conversation. Two people thrown closely together for 11 days find much in common, and then to wrench out that friendship suddenly on entering port when they each go their separate ways, gives pause to the most careless heart. There is something in the companionship formed on the ocean that binds closely. I felt the coming separation, and vaguely, but none the less bitterly, resented it.

"Does the sight of home again make you sad? I thought you were a much traveled young lady?"

I had no warning of the words that were to come.

"I deceived you in a trifling matter, and though the thing is of no consequence, I feel like telling you the truth. I told you in jest that I was in the same boat as yourself, that I, too, was running away from a mate. On the contrary, I am running to meet one. No, not one of my choosing, but one ready found for me. I know you will think it strange that I should speak of this at all to you, but I felt that I must tell someone. And then we did discuss one another's affairs so freely that it isn't as if I were telling it to a stranger."

The snorting little tug was lying at our feet. We were both watching the white-duck sailors making fast.

Her hand was in mine.

"Soon neither of us will have to run away," I whispered.

Masquerading in the Past.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Venice set the fashion in all matters of amusement and was a sort of combination of our Monte Carlo and Paris. Throughout the eighteenth century the Venetians were seized with a perfect mania for masquerading and gambling. Paris and London followed suit, and the two most popular amusements, both public and private, were masquerades and gambling salons. People not only wore their masks or visors at balls, but in the Mall and the parks and the theaters. At length matters got to such a pass that when a police raid was made on a certain loose dancing place it Sobo and an order was given for every one to unmask, what was the amusement of the police to find that at least a third of the company consisted of ladies and gentlemen of the highest aristocracy, some of whom had even brought their daughters to an entertainment which, to use the words of a contemporary, was "a disgrace for a female even of the lowest class to attend."—Saturday Review.

[illegible]

Hale: [illegible] that's will a man [illegible] that man [illegible] that has been dining with his [illegible]—N. Y. Press.

The First Step.

Maude—Can you speak French?

Mabel—A little. That is, I can shrug my shoulders.—N. Y. World.

He Proved It.

Mrs. Peppenlay. My first husband had a great deal more sense than you have.

Mr. Peppenlay. Time enough—he dies.—Harper's Magazine.

Mrs. Newlywed (reading)—Do you know how lobsters are caught, John?

Mr. Newlywed. Come, come, Mary! Don't rob it in!—Puck.

MISS DEWBERRY.

BY FLORENCE M. HALLOWELL.

Miss Dewberry was the music and French teacher in Miss Helmore's seminary, and all the girls hated her—that is, all except Flora Hallett.

Flora was a sweet, dear little thing, and never hated anyone. She only looked sad and walked away whenever we talked about Miss Dewberry.

We used to wonder why on earth Miss Helmore kept such a teacher. It would have been just as easy, it seemed to us, to have found a nice one.

Besides, Miss Dewberry had no discipline. We never pretended to mind her, and we acted just as we chose about our music and French.

Of course, we practiced regularly—Miss Helmore would have known it if we hadn't—but we took it out on Miss Dewberry when she gave us our lessons.

We were just as aggravating and provoking as we could be, and tried all we knew how to make her sick of the place. But she never told on us. She hadn't enough spirit. She only cried, and that made her eyes red, flushed her face, and she looked uglier than ever.

Once when we had been calling her Huckleberry and Raspberry and Blackberry all through the French hour, she got up suddenly and left the room.

We waited for her, and we were in mortal terror that she had gone to Miss Helmore. But we heard afterwards from Flora that she had shut herself up in her own room and cried bitterly.

The idea of a grown woman being so weak and silly! It was no wonder we were determined to get her out of the school.

The teachers took turns in walking out with the pupils when it was time for daily exercise, and we were always sorry when Miss Dewberry's turn came.

She hadn't a bit of style, and made her dresses herself on Saturdays, when she didn't have to teach. Anyone can imagine how they looked; and such flimsy stuff!

When she made up a dress she wore it without change until there was no more wear in it; and her gloves always had holes in the fingers.

Well, we did get her out of the school at last, but it was in a very unexpected way, and I've never got over being surprised about it.

It all came from my going with Ella Raynor to stay over Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. Hopkins, who lived in West Newbury, about 60 miles from Westfield.

We went late Friday afternoon, and it was after dark when we reached West Newbury, so, of course, we couldn't see anything of the place until the next day.

Then early in the morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Mrs. Hopkins asked us if we didn't want to go out in the fields and pick wild strawberries. She said she would make us a strawberry shortcake if we could get berries enough.

We went along the road laughing and swinging our pails and kicking up the dust, and the first thing we knew we were lost—that is, we didn't see any such field as Mrs. Hopkins had described to us, and we didn't know where we were.

We didn't like to turn around and go back without any berries, for fear Mrs. Hopkins would laugh at us. So I said we had better go to the nearest house and make inquiries.

The nearest house was a very handsome one, of brown stone, with an iron fence around it, a lovely lawn and quantities of flowers everywhere. Back of the house was a stable and big barn.

Ella said she didn't like to go to such a place as that to ask questions; and, besides, there was a big yellow mastiff lying on the lawn, and we were afraid of him.

We were wondering what we should do, when we saw an old man coming along the road. He wasn't well dressed, and yet he wasn't shabby enough to be a tramp.

"There, we can ask him," said Ella.

So we waited until he was close to us, and then I asked him if he could tell us the way to Moore's pasture.

"Yes; but if you are going after strawberries you won't find any," he said. "There was a horde of children in there yesterday, and they didn't leave a berry. You'll have to go home and wait for the dewberries."

I looked at Ella, and we both laughed. We had never heard before of dewberries, and of course we both thought of the Miss Dewberry at Miss Helmore's.

"What are you laughing about?" asked the old man, looking a little cross.

"Because we have a teacher at our school in Westfield named Dewberry," I answered.

"Ah!" said the old man. "And what is she like?"

Then we told him all about Miss Dewberry, and what a week, dull, plain creature she was, and how anxious we were to get rid of her.

He just nodded when we were through, and walked away from us. And he went into the big brownstone house.

"He's the gardener there, I think," said Ella.

We thought there was no use going to Moore's pasture if there were no berries there, so we went back to tell Mrs. Hopkins. And we told her, too, about the old man whom we had met on the road.

"That must have been old Mr. Dewberry," said Mrs. Hopkins. "He is the richest man in the county, and lives like a hermit in that big house. People call him queer, but he has a very kind heart, and gives a great deal in charity."

"Dewberry!" said Ella. "Are you sure that is his name?"

"Why, of course. I'm sure!" said her aunt, laughing. "He's lived here for 40 years. I ought to know his name by this time, I think."

The minute I was alone with Ella I caught her by the arm.

"Do you think he can be related to Miss Dewberry?" I cried.

"Very likely," said Ella. "But what if he is? We didn't know it when we were telling him about her, and if we prejudiced him against her, we can't help it. We said only what was true."

"Well, we had it on pretty thick," I said.

And I didn't feel very comfortable some how. I had to keep telling myself that it wasn't at all likely this rich, eccentric Mr. Dewberry could be related to the Margaret Dewberry who taught us music and French.

But he was. He was her uncle. We heard it about the next Tuesday from Miss Helmore, when he came to the school. He and Miss Dewberry's father had quarreled years. Margaret was a little child, and he had forgotten all about her, or supposed she was dead, I forget which. But anyhow he took her away from the seminary that very day, and she went to keeping house for him in West Newbury.

The French and music teacher we have now is about 50 years old, wears spectacles, and is as cross as two sticks. She catches us up and reports us for the least thing, and as to having any fun in class—well, we never think of it now.

Sometimes I think I'd rather have Miss Dewberry back; but not for worlds would I say so, even to Ella.—Golden Days.

Simply Another Name for It.

Miss Weary (listening to the steamboat whistle)—I wish that dreadful noise would stop. It makes me feel nervous.

Mr. Borem—Is that so? Do you know, I don't think I have such a thing as a nerve about me?

"Indeed! What do you call it, then, gall?"—Harlem Life.

Feline Faithfulness.

The difficulty of losing a cat has become proverbial, and the statement that "the cat came back" arouses no wonder among those familiar with the habits of the feline creation. Frank Howard, a young New Hampshire man, living at New Hampton, was married recently, and decided it would be a good thing to have a cat in the new home he and his bride had selected in the town of Stratham, 101 miles away. So when the day for moving arrived, there was placed in the car with the furniture and other goods the household cat, an Angora, which upon arrival at Stratham was quickly released. She soon disappeared and was seen no more. In about a week Mr. Howard received a letter from his mother in New Hampton, saying that the cat had returned to her old home, the date of her arrival being three days after her disappearance from Stratham. The cause of the cat's long journey was revealed when she sought out a family of kittens, of whose existence the Howard family were in ignorance. She was seen carrying them, one at a time, from one barn to another near-by, and was permitted to remain undisturbed at the old homestead.—Golden Days.

How That Pizen Suez Sands.

One of the problems which has given the management of the Suez canal much trouble is that of the sand that blows into it, adding to the dredging expenses. A considerable number of plants have been tried in the effort to fix the sands that a comparatively small quantity would be blown into the canal. All of these plants have failed except one, which, it is now believed, will be quite effective in keeping the sand in place. This large plant is the casuarina tree. It thrives in Egypt and grows well on the sand-banks that skirt the Suez canal. It not only survives intense drought, but also excessive humidity, which is important, as the northern part of the canal is subject to inundations at some periods and droughts at other seasons of the year. The roots of this tree penetrate the sand so deeply that they tap subterranean sources of water. Many of the trees planted 30 years ago have thrived so well in their new habitat that they are now over 40 feet in height. All who have studied the problem of sand fixation are certain that this tree will offer important resistance to the movement of sand along the canal. Steps are being taken to plant it extensively.—N. Y. Sun.

Washington's First Name.

One of the many quaint stories told about the early days of Washington city, the nation's capital, is that one in which it is said the place was first named Rome, that it was on Tiber creek and that it was owned by a man named Pope. It is said in some histories of Washington that an Englishman named Pope, about the year 1654, acquired an estate including what is now Capitol hill, Washington. His name being Pope, he gratified a whim by calling his estate Rome and signing himself "Pope of Rome." A little stream near by he named the Tiber, and the exact spot where the capitol stands to-day he designated "Capitoline hill."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Automobile Beat the Train.

A Roman gentleman, Sig. Marino Torlonia, recently made a bet with his friend, Sig. Silvestrelli, that with his automobile he would beat the railway train in running from Rome to Civita Vecchia, a distance of 42 miles. Sig. Silvestrelli took the train on whose promise he counted, although it does not appear that the engineer was induced to put on any extra steam, and Sig. Torlonia started with his automobile. The latter won in what seems to have been almost a neck and neck finish.—N. Y. Sun.

Difficult to Treat.

"Well, what is the matter with your husband?" the physician asked, as he laid down his repair kit and removed his gloves.

"Imaginary insomnia," replied Mrs. Peckick.

"Imaginary insomnia?" repeated the physician, inquiringly.

"That's what it is. He thinks he doesn't sleep at night, but he gets lots more sleep than I do."—Detroit Free Press.

Thibet's Dead Sea.

Among the most important scientific results of Mr. Sven Hedin's explorations in Thibet is the discovery of an extensive "dead sea," having many characteristics in common with that of Palestine. It is so intensely saline that oars used in it soon become coated with crystals. It is believed that the bed of the sea is one huge crust of salt.—St. Louis Republic.

As Others See Us.

Wederly—What's the matter with your friend Saltleigh?

Singleton—He's in love—lost his heart, you know.

"Huh! Judging from the noise he makes one would think he had lost his collar button."—Chicago Daily News.

Joys of House-Cleaning.

Huddy—Ah, my dear, you see I have come home from the office an hour earlier than usual.

Wife—Oh, you mean, of course, I mean! I was just wondering who I could get to take up these carpets.—Brooklyn Life.

Nasal CATARRH.

CATARRH

In all its stages there should be cleanliness.

Ely's Cream Balm

cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

COLD IN HEAD

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spread over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; trial size, 10 cents by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., N. Y.

Boots!

Calf Boots,
Kip Boots,
Grain Boots,
Felt Boots,
Wool Boots,
Rubber Boots,

at our usual moderate prices, at

M. S. HOLM'S,

18 THAMES STREET,
Newport, R. I.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

Largest Financial Daily Paper in the United States.

WILL Answer Inquiries from Subscribers About

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WITHOUT CHARGE.

Sample copies free on application.

DOW, JONES & CO., Publishers.

41 Broad Street, New York.

You May Need

Pain-Killer

For Cuts Burns Bruises

Cramps Diarrhœa All Bowel Complaints

It is a safe, sure and quick remedy.

There's ONLY ONE

Pain-Killer

Perry Davis'.

Two sizes, 25c. and 50c.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Broadway, 9th & 10th Sts.,

New York, July 24, 1899.

Gentlemen:

Being associated for so many years with the above Firm and being closely confined brought on constipation. A package of your Tablets has cured me and I take great pleasure in recommending them to those who are affected in a similar way.

Yours truly,
C. W. Eastwood.

To the U. S. Army & Navy Tablet Co.,
17 East 14th St., N. Y. City.

10 and 25 cents per package, at all druggists.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY,

Contractor

—AND—

BUILDER

OF MASON WORK,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Filling, Draining and all kinds of Jobbing promptly attended to.

Orders left at

Calendar Avenue,

HAVING PURCHASED THE

Shop and Good Will

—OF—

Mr. Lewis Skinner,

ON FERRY WHARF,

Should be pleased to notify the public that I shall carry on the business in connection with my present stand on Commercial wharf

ALL HORSESHOEING

—AND—

JOBBING

promptly attended to at either place

J. B. BACHELLER.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny Capsules are superior to Salsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections and CURE IN 48 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.

MIDY

Sold by all Druggists.

An Exceptional Opportunity

AN EXCELLENT LITTLE

UPRIGHT PIANO

In good repair for $70, $5 down, $2.50 per month. A discount will be made for cash. Don't fail to call and examine.

JOHN VARS,

126 Thames Street.

Fall River Line.

For New York, the South and West.

IN EFFECT JUNE 9, 1901.

Elegant steamers PRISCILLA and PILGRIM week days; steamer PLYMOUTH Sundays. A delightful trip of 10 hours.

LEAVE NEWPORT—Week days 6.15 p. m. Sundays, 10 p. m. Returning from New York steamers leave Pier 19, North River, foot of Warren street, week days and Sundays, at 3 p. m. (much of Newport) due there 7 a. m.; leave there 8.45 a. m., before proceeding to Fall River.

FARE—New York to Newport direct, or via steamer to Fall River, thence rail, $3.00.

For tickets and staterooms apply at New York and Boston Despatch Express offices, 272 Thames Street, J. E. Greene, Ticket Agent.

J. N. BRIGGS, Agent, Newport, R. I.

O. R. TAYLOR, General Pass'r Agent, N. Y.

Providence, Fall River & Newport Steamboat Company.

Leave Newport for

PROVIDENCE

Week days 8.15, 10.30 a. m. and 5 p. m. Sundays 8, 11.30 a. m. 4 p. m. Leave Providence for Newport, week days, 9 a. m., 2 and 5 p. m. Sundays, 10 a. m., 2 and 8 p. m.

Excursion Tickets, 50 cents.

The first a. m. trip from Newport to Providence and last p. m. trip from Providence to Newport stop at Conanicut and Prudence Parks daily, Sundays included. Also 6 p. m. from Newport, Fridays only.

LEAVE NEWPORT FOR

Narragansett Pier

Week days at 10.15 a. m. Return 4.05 p. m. (Sundays 11.45 a. m.) Return, Sundays, 7.30 p. m.

For Block Island

Week days 10.45 a. m. Return 2.45 p. m. Sundays, 11.45 a. m. Return 3 p. m.

FOR ROCKY POINT

Week days 10.30 a. m., 4 p. m. Sundays, 11.30 a. m. Return, week days, 2.30 p. m., 6 p. m. Return, Sundays, 2.45 p. m. and 8.30 p. m.

FOR FALL RIVER

5 p. m. (Sundays, 8.15 p. m.) Leave Fall River for Newport, 9 a. m. (Sundays, 10 a. m.)

H. BUTLER, Supt. Transportation.

ARTHUR R. WATSON, President.

Newport & Wickford

RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT CO.

THE WICKFORD ROUTE.

In effect June 15, 1901.

Leave

	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Newport	7 00	10 00	1 15	4 05	*7 30	*11 00
Providence, ar	8 40	11 30	2 45	5 50	9 00	—
Boston, ar	10 15	1 15	4 30	7 00	11 00	—
New York	1 48	4 30	8 38	10 00	11	1 55
	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.

Leave

	Night	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
New York	†12 00	—	8 00	10 02	1 02	4 32	8 00
Boston	12 00	6 42	10 00	1 00	3 00	—	7 00
Perry	1 33	8 02	11 11	2 10	4 10	—	8 22
New Bedford	6 35	9 45	1 00	4 00	6 00	8 35	8 35
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

*Daily.

†Saturdays only to August 31st.

Washington Express due Harlem River Station, New York, 1.31 a. m., Philadelphia, 5.40 a. m.; Baltimore, 6.20 a. m.; Washington, 10.22 a. m.

Through train between Wickford Junction, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington without change.

For tickets and Drawing Room Cars apply at Steamer General, Commercial wharf, or at the Transfer Co.'s office, 30 Fellows street.

O. P. COFFIN, Agent, Newport.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

ON and after June 16, 1901, trains will leave NEWPORT, for BOSTON, TERMINAL STATION, week days, 6.00, 7.00, 8.30, 9.00, 11.0 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 4.00, 6.15 p. m. Return 6.45, 10.45 a. m., 12.45, 2.35, 3.45, 4.45, 6.00, 8.0 p. m. MIDDLETOWN and PORTSMOUTH, 6.00, 7.0, 9.00, 11.0 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 4.00, 6.15 p. m. PORTSMOUTH GROVE (flag stop), 6.00, 7.00, 9.00, 11.0 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 4.00 p. m. BRISTOL FERRY, TIVERTON, FALL RIVER and TAUNTON, 6.00, 7.00, 8.30, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 4.00, 6.15 p. m. MIDDLEBORO, 6.00, 8.30, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 4.00 p. m. HYANNIS, 6.00, 8.30, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00 p. m. PROVINCETOWN, 6.00 a. m., 1.00 p. m. PLYMOUTH, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 6.00, 8.30, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 4.00 p. m. FITCHBURG and stations on Northern Division, 8.30, 11.00 a. m., 3.00 p. m. LOWELL, 11.00 a. m., 3 p. m. COTTAGE CITY, 6.00, 8.30 a. m., 3.00 p. m. PROVIDENCE, 6.00, 7.00, 8.30, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 4.00, 6.15 p. m. SUNDAYS, for BOSTON, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00 p. m. Return 6.37, 8.37 a. m., 12.37, 4.37 p. m. For PROVIDENCE, 7.00, 11.0 a. m., 3.00, 5.00 p. m. For PORTSMOUTH GROVE, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00 p. m. For MIDDLETOWN, Portsmouth, Bristol Ferry, Tiverton, Fall River, Somerset, Dighton, North Dighton, Weir Village, and Taunton, 7.00, 11 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 6.15 p. m. New Bedford 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 3 p. m.

Afloat from Fall River

Rail from Station.

A. G. KENDALL, Gen'l Pass. Agt. Boston

O. PETER CLARK, Gen'l Sup't, Boston.

Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company.

TIME TABLE.

"ISLAND DIVISION."

In effect week days on and after June 24, 1901.

Leave Fall River for Newport—*6.00, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, *10.15, *10.45, *11.15 p. m.

Leave Newport—7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, *10.15, *10.45, *11.15 p. m.

Last Car leaves Island Park for Fall River at 10.37 p. m.

Last Car leaves Island Park for Newport at 10.22 p. m.

*To Portsmouth and return.

†To Portsmouth Car Barn.

Running time between City Hall, Fall River, and Market Square, Providence, on the new highway trolley line is one hour and twenty minutes. Connection is made at City Hall, Fall River.

Reduction in price of

COKE.

DELIVERED:

Prepared, 36 bushels for $3.30

Common, 36 bushels for $3.00

AT WORKS:

Prepared, $6.00 per 100 bushels

Common, $6.00 per 100 bushels

ORDERS LEFT AT

181 Thames Street,

receive prompt attention.

NEWPORT GAS LIGHT CO.

FARM

BUILDINGS

INSURED AGAINST FIRE

At Lowest Rate—Strong Companies.

WHIPPLE & SON.

Real Estate and Fire Insurance

[illegible] Street

Aid to the Drowning.

This is the season when "First Aid to the Injured" should be the textbook of the intending vacationist, and first of the first aids ought to come instruction in regard to resuscitating the luckless bather who is unconscious or seemingly dead. Incidentally, it is a good idea to know what to do if one's self is in danger of drowning.

In the latter case, if you have gone beyond your depth and cannot swim, the first thing is to say and feel, "mouth up, hands down!" Turn instantly on the back, throwing the head backward so as to elevate the chin and keep the water out of your mouth. Keep the lungs full by taking deep breaths and exhaling only when compelled to do so, and then let the exhalation be as rapid as possible. Keeping the hands under water will assist the body to float, but to wave them in the air is fatal. One who cannot swim should never go into the water without briefly thinking over these rules in his mind.

When trying to save another from drowning the swimmer should be careful to approach him from behind, otherwise he is likely, in his terror, to clutch his rescuer around the neck and perhaps drag both down to death. If he is not fighting through fear he may be directed to clasp his hands behind your neck, so that you can swim with him in front of you, which is much easier, or he may put his hands on your shoulders, behind you, leaving you perfectly free.

If the person seems to be dead when brought to shore, the first step is to send for a doctor, blankets, dry clothes and stimulants. Then, without waiting for their arrival, loosen the clothing about the body, turn on its stomach and lift, with a jerking motion, several times, holding by the waist, so that the head hangs down. This empties the water from the lungs.

Next turn the victim on his back, with a rolled blanket under his shoulders, letting the head touch the ground, and with a handkerchief wrapped around the fingers, wipe out the mouth and back of the throat.

If breathing has not begun by this time apply smelling salts to the nose, if any are at hand, or tickle the nose with a feather or straw, or dash cold water on the chest, or slap the chest smartly with the open hand. If these simple means fail, artificial respiration must be tried.

Placing the patient on his back as before directed, draw the tongue forward, out of the mouth. A bystander can hold it with a handkerchief or other dry cloth. If only the rescuer is present the tongue must be tied against the lower teeth. To do this lay the centre of a dry strip of cloth on the tongue, which must be drawn well forward, cross it under the chin, carry the ends around the neck and tie at the side of the neck. The best way, however, is to run a large pin through the tongue, about a half an inch from the tip, leaving it of equal length above and below to rest against the upper and lower lips. This sounds harsh, but the patient is, of course, insensible to pain, and the tongue must be secured or it will impede the breathing and prevent restoration.

Kneel behind the patient's head, grasp him by the forearms halfway between the elbows and wrists and draw his arms up and over his head until his hands touch the ground behind his head. Hold there for two seconds, then carry the arms back until they rest against the sides of the chest, press the forearms firmly downward and inward against the chest, for one second. Repeat these two movements at the rate of sixteen times each in a minute. Wait a moment to see if he breathes again, and if not, renew the movements, but endeavor to time them by his efforts to breathe. Again resort, at this time, to ammonia, dashes of cold water and slapping until respiration is established. At the same time place hot water bottles or warm bricks along each side of the body and at the soles of the feet.

Artificial respiration should be continued for an hour and a half, even though there should be no sign of life, as life has been renewed even after that period.

As soon as the patient can swallow give him hot tea or coffee or whiskey in hot water, in teaspoonful doses, and if there is persistent difficulty in breathing apply a large mustard plaster to the chest.—New York Tribune.

Hardly Satisfactory

"Now, Robby, when you say your prayers tonight, you must ask God to make you well again," said Mrs. Norris as she kissed her suffering little son and tucked him safely up in bed.

The next morning she visited the invalid again.

"How do you feel now, Robby?" she asked.

"Oh, a little better, I guess," replied he, doubtfully.

"Then you must thank God for having cured you."

"Say, mamma," cried Robby, with wistful incredulity, "is this the best he can do?"—Town and Country.

Thwarting His Wife's Purpose.

Lawyer. In this will you really insist upon being buried at sea?

"Yes. You see, my wife says that when I'm dead she's going to dance on my grave."—Life.

A Possible Incident.

First Horse. What's wrong with old Grey? He's shaking his head as if a hornet had stung him.

Second Horse. Perhaps he has a bee in his bonnet.

A clergyman's wife was mending clothes for her boys when one of her neighbors called to have a friendly chat. It was not long before the visitor's eye was attracted by a large basket more than half filled with buttons. The visitor remarked that there seemed a very good supply of buttons. Thereupon she began to turn them over, and suddenly exclaimed:

"Here are two buttons exactly the same as those my husband had on his last winter suit. I should know them anywhere."

"Indeed," said the clergyman's wife quietly. "I am surprised to hear its. As all these buttons were found in the collection bag, I thought I might as well put them to some use."

Before she had finished speaking the visitor hastily arose and said she must be going.

The story soon got about, and since then no buttons have been found in the collection bag.—Tit-Bits.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

OLD MARINER'S LAST.

"Well, on th' day I'm a-speakin' of shore leave was given an' me an' Hawkins, th' engineer's yeoman, an' Carlo, th' bandmaster, agreed on a horseback ride over to Serena, a peaceful little Spanish town six miles away by the shore road. Hawkins an' Carlo, as you may know, was chief petty officers, an' on this day was rigged out same as if it was general inspection day. Carlo was a really gorgeous thing to look at in his full bandmaster's rig, with frogs an' red tape an' monkey business across 'is chest till he looked like a major general.

"Carlo, I might say, is a queer cuss, as was picked up in Naples when a boy by th' old flagship Hartford when she was a cruisin' in the Mediterranean many years ago, an' was made ship's bugler. He could make a bugle or a cornet fairly sing you to sleep or set you to thinkin' about home an' mother, an' he gradooly worked hisself up to be bandmaster, but he never learned good United States language. Likewise he pretty nigh forgot all his Eyetalian; an' finally got so's he couldn't talk anything very good. He had a pair o' mustaches as fierce as a duke's howsumever, an' if he didn't open 'is mouth you'd take him for th' commander o' th' forces.

"Well, sir, we set out down th' shore road a joungin' along on them ar' Spanish ponies, bound for Serena an' lookin' forard to a beautiful turn at the ..., cerveza, aguardiente, an' th' fandango in th' little green summerhouses we could see far away around an' across th' bay.

"Every now an' then we'd pass some o' them hayseed insurgent sentries in th' road, an' when we did the cusses would come to attention an' salute Carlo's if he was th' admiral o' th' fleet. 'Twas his fierce mustaches as took 'em in, I reckon, alongside of 'is wonderful bandmaster's rig. Every time they done it Carlo r'ared back in 'is saddle, throwed out 'is chest, an' returned th' salute with a fine sweep o' his hand.

"They was a big insurgent camp about three miles from Coquimbo, a settin' back about a half mile from the road, an' when we got opposite to it a corp'ral's guard o' soldiers, mounted on mangy-lookin' plugs, was that a waitin' for us. Leastwise 't appeared like they wanted us for somethin', for when we brought up with 'em they halted us. They couldn't a mother's son of 'em speak United States, but they jis smiled an' bowed an' saluted an' pointed over toward th' camp as we could see in th' distance.

"'We're arrested, by jingo,' said Hawkins, an' it looked 's if he was right.

"A rusty-lookin' officer with a sword an' wearin' shoes, bein' th' only man in th' squad as had 'em on, reined hisself alongside Carlo an' pinted toward th' camp.

"'What in demnition d'ye mean by this?' says Carlo, gettin' wild and talkin' mostly with 'is hands. 'What d'ye mean by arrestin' us here on th' high road? We haven't done nothin', an' in th' name of th' president o' th' United States you've got to let us pass on.' But th' officer jis' smiled politely an' said: 'Yessir, thank you,' bein' as I learned a'terwards all the English he knowed.

"Well, they was nothin' for it but to submit to arrest, an' we was escorted over to the camp. They must ha' been all o' 2,000 soldiers in camp, an' they was about as mangy a lookin' crowd as ever I see.

"'It's a case o' bungle',' remarked Hawkins.

"But what struck us most was th' politeness o' th' devils. They was a big guard o' sodjers lined up as we went into camp, an' they all come to attention an' presented arms as we passed in. Then a big man with a sword an' a lot o' service medals an' gingerbread work on 'is chest come out, an' takin' off his chapeau, bowed an' shook hands with Carlo an' Hawkins as if he was mighty glad to see 'em. He didn't s' much as look at me, which I took as a sign that they might turn me loose, but I see that Carlo an' Hawkins was wanted pretty bad.

"I soon sees as how my calculations was correct, for I hadn't mor'n dismounted when a rusty lookin' man with a couple o' corporal's stripes on takes me into a tent an' begins fillin' me up on aguardiente an' tortillas.

"'Th' darned cusses is a sufferin' from a guilty conscience on account o' havin' arrested a innocent man,' says I to myself, 'an' they're a tryin' to square themselves.'

"Well, I stayed in that 'ar tent for up'ards of a half hour, a drinkin' an' a takin' food an' smilin' at them cusses, not bein' able to converse with 'em, an' then I begins to wonder what has become o' Carlos an' Hawkins. I thought like as not they was under guard somewhere, an' I wanted to take 'em a drink. We passed on down one o' the company streets till we comes near what I takes to be th' general's tent, an' what does I see but them two galoots inside a drinkin' wine an' eatin' cakes an' things to beat th' band, an' around them was a big bunch o' generals an' colonels, an' th' like, a clinkin' glasses an' a carryin' on at a tremenjus rate.

"I was for goin' right in to 'em, but a orderly stops me, an' then I realizes for th' fust time that these Chilano idiots had mistook Carlo for the admiral of the fleet an' Hawkins for 'is chief o' staff. They thought I was the orderly o' that dinged bandmaster. I thought things had been comin' pretty easy for me out there in th' corporal's tent, and it made me bilin' mad to think o' how I'd been stuffin' myself out there on measly tortillas an' guzzlin' cheap aguardiente, an' these two shipmates a sittin' here a hobnobbin' with generals an' such like, an' partakin' o' th' best in th' land without ever singing out to me.

"I hailed 'em now, an' told 'em to call off this blamed sentry, an' let me get to 'em An' what does that imposin' dago bandmaster Carlo do but wave me off an' go on drinkin' an' makin' signs to them ar poor deluded officers same as if he didn't want to be bothered by no common sailor. Me, the cap'n o' th' fortop, too, mind you.

"A'ter a spell th' bugles sounded, an' I'm a liar if th' whole camp wasn't called out on p'rade. Then Carlo an' Hawkins, in the midst o' a bunch o' generals an' such like, was escorted down th' lines on a inspection tour. It was a movin' sight to see them ar two galoots struttin' about there an' returnin' saloots an' carryin' on like a couple o' major generals. Carlo specially, was just full enough o' Chilano liquor to make 'im awful dignified an' overbearin' like, an' I thought I'd bust when th' band all of a sudden struck up a tune, to see him jump. That was just in 'is line, you see.

"Well, a'ter it was all over they brought our bosses around an' we rode out o' camp with the band a murderin' th' 'Star Spangled Banner,' an' all them fool officers a-salootin' an' a salaamin' an' still thinkin' they'd been entertainin' th' admiral.

"Mebby they never did know th' difference, but anyhow it was one o' th' queer experiences o' seafarin'. That same army fought like blazes an' won in Valparaiso a few weeks a'ter that, but basin' my argyment on our experience with 'em, I claim that they didn't know much except fightin'. They wasn't any other fine p'ints about 'em, as mebbe you'll agree, a'ter my little yarn."—N. Y. Times.

Her Position.

"Henrietta," said Mrs. Meekton, sentimentally, "do you ever regret having married me?"

"Regret it? Of course not. I never notice it."—Washington Star.

A bit of paper money has been discovered in China 800 years old. Its face value is $167, redeemable in silver.

New York's Mid-Air Clubs.

Mr. Cleveland Moffett, turning from the consideration of steeple climbing, bridge-building, and other "Callings of Danger and Daring," devotes an illustrated article in the September Century to an account of what he calls the Mid-Air Clubs of New York, which are used principally by business men as lunch-rooms.

Suppose we leave out tell of the morning, our business, scheming, and try what the mid-air clubs can do for us. A few blocks above the Post-Office rises the Central Bank Building, a gray granite mass piled up sixteen stories over the street and capped by a white cornice so high that, why, when you look up at it—bend your head farther back—it seems to sway out unsteadily. We shall be lunching presently just above that cornice!

It is better already, as we turn into the marble-columned corridor, the noise dazzled in sunshine, and as the rapid car bears us upward we feel a welcome downrush of cool air. There is no stop—this is the fourteenth, eat and nine, twelve, fifteen, here we are in the Arkwright Club, one that is well worth studying.

And first for a table in the southwest corner of the large dining-room, if we may secure one, for here is the finest outlook. A big place, as splendid as a ballroom and going up imposingly by white columns; walls finished restfully in green—that is, what walls there are, for on three sides we look out over the city through continuous windows with single panes five feet square! Now turn to the left, then slowly to the right. All splendid, isn't it? We are so high that all else seems beneath us, and the view sweeps free from river to river, and far down the bay.

There is the Brooklyn Bridge with strings of doll cars trailing over it. There are the spindle piles of Newspaper Row, once counted lofty. And straight to the south cuts the deep, gloomy canon of Broadway, a narrow cleft between gray and red precipices, in the depths of which we can make out the silent wriggling shapes of men and horses. Away to the north stretches the wide Hudson, and on a clear day we can follow it from Grant's tomb yonder down through its spreading mouth to the mass of Staten Island. And see the river-craft! What quiet pleasure there is in watching them, the drifting barges, the laden schooners, the fat ferry-boats plying in and out, with white foam streaking their wake, all comfortable, one feels, out in the cool, wet river! There goes a liner steaming lazily—one of the ocean racers, says the waiter, who knows them all by their funnels. Yes, even the waiters yield to the charm of this place, and one of them stayed his table-setting long enough to tell me how it fills him with awe, sir, every evening when the sun dips suddenly in golden splendor there behind the Orange Mountains. And he described the look of fairy-land that the Jersey shore takes on with all the electric lights twinkling along its water-front. What a contrast, I reflected, between this man with a soul above his napkin and waiters down on the street who never see the river or the hills, who never do anything but hustle red-hot plates in red-hot rooms and bawl out orders!

The Arkwright Club (named, of course, after Sir Richard of spinning-jenny fame) does for men in the wholesale dry-goods trade what similar clubs do for men in a dozen other trades. There are the Drug Club, the Wool Club, the Hardware Club, the Merchants' Club, the Aldine Association, the Midday Club, the Transportation Club, the Fulton Club, the Business Woman's Club, and various others, all unique in this, that they have been lifted to the top of very high buildings.

Carrie Nation and Murphy.

Carrie Nation's recent visit to New York led her into many strange places and her tour of the city is graphically told in the press dispatches. Her interview with Police Commissioner Murphy could not have been very pleasant to either party. The visit is described as follows:

Mulberry street was the next to receive a visit. Near police headquarters Mrs. Nation was intercepted by a saloon keeper who wished her to visit his place and smash a mirror which had seen better days, and to leave the destroying hatchet with him. He represented that the scheme would advertise both Mrs. Nation's wares and his own.

The smasher of saloons hesitated, and her manager finally vetoed the proceeding. The press agent appeared crest-fallen.

First of all, Mrs. Nation insisted upon seeing Deputy Commissioner Devery. Mr. Devery sent word that he was "out," and that Commissioner Murphy would be delighted to see Mrs. Nation.

Col. Murphy refused to receive the lecturer at first, but yielded finally to the importunities of the press agent and consented to have her ushered in to his presence. She was attired in a linen duster, and her black bonnet sat on her head with an aggressive tilt. She at once began her verbal hatchet throwing.

"Don't you think New York is an awful place?" she said. "Don't you think hellishness and crime are rampant in the town?"

"Madam," replied the commissioner, "I refuse to discuss that with you."

"What," exclaimed Mrs. Nation, "you refuse to discuss with me a subject which relates to the making of murderers and criminals?"

"Now, madam," said the commissioner, "I am here to attend to police business, and not to be lectured. Go back to Kansas and lecture your husband. I do not wonder that he could not get along with you."

"I have no husband," replied Mrs. Nation. "Why do you treat me this way? Do you think these rumholes should exist? Now, father——"

"Don't address me in that manner," said the commissioner.

Deputy Commissioner Devery came in at this moment, and took a seat in the back of the room. He seemed highly amused.

"But you are old enough to be my father," continued Mrs Nation, in no way abashed. "I am only 56. Don't you think, father, that a little agitation—a little hatchetation—will do good? Now, I wish you to follow the law of God, and close these hell holes every Sunday, and then every day in the week."

"You are not in your right mind, madam; I refuse to listen to you any longer."

"Commissioner Murphy," exclaimed Mrs. Nation, rising to her feet, her face was a dull red and her small eyes snapping, "You're just like the rum-soaked, hell-loving Republicans in Kansas. The same treatment which was applied to that gang should be applied in this town."

PUBLIC LAWS, PASSED AT THE JANUARY SESSION, 1901.

(The Chapters of the Public Laws are numbered continuously from the General Laws, Revision of 1896.)

CHAPTER 889.

AN ACT Fixing the Time for the Election of Town Officers in the Towns of New Shoreham, Portsmouth, Barrington, Warwick, and Johnston.

[Passed March 20, 1901.]

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:

SECTION 1. The annual election of town officers by the people in the towns of New Shoreham, Portsmouth, Barrington, Warwick, and Johnston shall be held on the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November, in the same manner as is now provided by law for the respective towns, except as provided in this act.

SEC. 2. In the election of members of the town council, assessors of taxes, and members of the school committee, where more than one of such officers are to be elected at one time, the names shall be numbered upon the ballots, and in nomination papers and in counting the ballots cast for them the places numbered shall be considered as separate places.

SEC. 3. The officers of said towns who were elected by the people in the year 1900 for terms of one year, or their successors in office, are hereby continued in office until the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November, A. D. 1901, and thereafter until their successors are elected and qualified, with all the powers and duties and subject to all the limitations and liabilities provided by law for the officers elected by the people, and shall receive a pro rata compensation for their increased term of service, based upon their compensation provided by law.

SEC. 4. Upon the expiration of the term of office of any existing officer of either of said towns, who was elected by the people for a term of more than one year, or of his successor in said office elected to fill vacancy, the town council of such town shall elect some person to fill such office until the next annual election and until his successor is elected and qualified, and the person so elected shall have all the powers and duties of, and be subject to all the limitations provided by law for, like officers elected by the people. The terms of office of all officers hereafter elected by the people in said towns shall date from the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November.

SEC. 5. In said towns the officers required to be elected by the town councils thereof in accordance with the provisions of section 14 of Chapter 40 of the General Laws, or of any special law, shall be elected at the same dates as if this act had not been passed, with like power of postponement as provided therein.

SEC. 6. All provisions of any special laws in relation to said towns, or any of them, inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed, and this act shall take effect upon its passage.

CHAPTER 890.

AN ACT Authorizing the Town of Little Compton to Divide Said Town into Highway Districts and to Elect Surveyors Therefor.

[Passed March 28, 1901.]

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:

SECTION 1. The town of Little Compton is hereby authorized and empowered to divide said town into six highway districts, and the electors of said town are hereby authorized to elect annually, in the month of April, one surveyor of highways for each such highway district.

SEC. 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

CHAPTER 892.

AN ACT Relative to a Board of Health for the City of Newport.

[Passed February 16, 1901.]

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:

SECTION 1. The city council of the city of Newport is hereby authorized and empowered to elect at the beginning of every municipal year one member of the board of health for said city who shall hold office for the term of five years; and to this end the said city council shall, during the year 1901, elect five members of said board, one to serve until the beginning of the municipal year 1902, one to serve until the beginning of the municipal year 1903, one to serve until the beginning of the municipal year 1904, one to serve until the beginning of the municipal year 1905, and one to serve until the beginning of the municipal year 1906, and shall annually thereafter elect one member of said board, as hereinbefore provided, and may fill any vacancy for the unexpired term thereof. At least three of said members shall be physicians.

SEC. 2. Said five members shall constitute the board of health of said city, and shall have such powers and perform such duties as may be conferred upon them by any ordinance of said city not repugnant to law.

SEC. 3. This act shall take effect immediately.

CHAPTER 893.

AN ACT in Amendment of and in Addition to Chapter 770 of the Public Laws, Passed at the January Session, A. D. 1900.

[Passed March 22, 1901.]

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:

SECTION 1. The town of New Shoreham, in addition to the powers granted by Chapter 770 of the Public Laws passed at the January session, A. D. 1900, is hereby authorized and empowered to purchase, aid in the purchase of, or to construct a steamboat or steamboats for the transportation of passengers and freight to and from said town, and may hold the same as provided in section one of said act: Provided, that a majority of the voters of said town, qualified to vote upon any proposition to impose a tax or for the expenditure of money, therein present and voting thereon at any legal town meeting called for that purpose, shall vote in favor of such purchase or construction; and said town is hereby authorized and empowered to appropriate and use for the purposes above mentioned, and for operating said boats, a sum not exceeding thirty thousand dollars in addition to the sum of fifty thousand dollars authorized and appropriated by said town under section one of said act, and to hire said money for said purposes and to issue the notes or bonds of said town for said sum in such form and upon said terms as the town council of said town may determine.

SEC. 2. Section 3 of Chapter 770 of the Public Laws, passed January, A. D. 1900, is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

"SEC. 3. Said board of commissioners shall have power to run and operate said steamboats to and from said town and the cities of Newport and Providence or wherever said commissioners may determine and to establish rates of fare and charges for freight on said steamboat and to sue for and collect the same in the name of said town, and to make such contracts for and in behalf of said town, in connection with the operation of said steamboats and said business, as in their judgment they may deem necessary and proper. Said commissioners shall annually report in writing to the town treasurer of said town, and file a sworn statement of their account with said treasurer, showing the several sums received and paid by them as said commissioners during the previous year, and showing in detail the persons to whom and the purposes for which the payments were made."

SEC. 3. This act shall take effect on and after its passage, and all acts and parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

CHAPTER 900.

AN ACT Excepting the Posting of Certain Voting Lists in the Several Cities.

[Passed March 19, 1901.]

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:

SECTION 1. The several boards of canvassers of the cities of Newport, Providence, Pawtucket, Woonsocket, and Central Falls, respectively, are hereby exempted from the necessity of posting the voting-lists in said cities prior to the first Wednesday in April, A. D. 1901.

SEC. 2. This act shall take effect upon its passage, and all acts and parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

CHAPTER 911.

AN ACT Making an Annual Appropriation for the Use of the Commissioners of Birds.

[Passed March 28, 1901.]

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:

SECTION 1. The sum of three hundred dollars is hereby annually appropriated to the use of the commissioners of birds, to be expended by them as they shall deem expedient in enforcing the game laws of the state; and for the purpose of carrying this act into effect the sum of three hundred dollars is hereby appropriated for the purpose aforesaid; and the state auditor is hereby authorized to draw his orders on the general treasurer for such portions thereof as may be required from time to time, upon receipt by him of properly authenticated vouchers.

SEC. 2. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

I certify the foregoing to be true copies.
Attest: CHARLES P. BENNETT,
Secretary of State.

Scriblets. I am going to make my boy a model of politeness.

Wickers. Going to let him read Chesterfield?

Scriblets. No; I am going to let him read some of those editorial rejection slips.—Philadelphia Record.

CASTORIA.
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CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Chas. H. Fletcher.

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Power of One Word.

On the morning of March 13, 1899, news of special import from the Philippines went coursing through the nation. In a certain half-hour's fighting thirty-seven Volunteers had been shot—killed and wounded. Scattered through six different States that morning nine men read the name of a college classmate in the list, and, for the first time in all their lives, grew serious. The bearer of the name was sent on sick leave to his home in Pittsburg, a medal for special bravery on his coat, and a bullet in his head.

One morning I walked into the sick soldier's room and found him—sleeping. For an hour he lay thus, then turned on his elbow and awoke—delirious. "Why-w-why! 'Shorty,' is that you? D-d-did we score? Did that scheme work?——I-I'm hurt. T-take out time. Time! There were seven hundred Scrubs—I mean Phili Philopinos in the rush line. When the game began they meant to murder us. The half was nearly up—— They were inside our five yard line—we lost the ball—got out of ammunition—Score was thirteen, fifteen, nineteen dead men—It was our last down—I know a scheme—would work—I asked the Captain—Where were you? I must have had to give the signals. We worked a flying wedge with a long double pass, then I got out and ran for it. I had all their ammunition and had dodged their fullback coming in. The men were cheering—Oh! but it was glorious.——I must have gone out of bounds, for oh! My head!—I think we—Did we score?—I think—I know I got there just in—time," and with his teeth set in the old way, and that old smile of triumph on his face, he fell back on the pillows—dead. At the funeral the pall-bearers were his nine classmates.

That night we tried to have a little supper at the Seventh Avenue Hotel. We sat down, but by some mismanagement ten plates were laid instead of nine. We tried to talk; we tried to eat, but somehow we couldn't. The waiter brought the second course. We tried again; it was no use. Just then a man passed down the corridor outside toward the elevator. The second course had fallen on us when there came the single exclamation—"Down!" With one accord we looked into each other's filling eyes. Then our visions focused on—Jim Townsend's empty chair. We arose in silence and left the room. There are days so keen as those which we ten men had known, through four years; there is no sorrow so keen as that which we nine knew that night.—"A Graduate," in the September Ladies' Home Journal.

Trapping By Wire.

Among some intensely amusing college scrapes told by "A Graduate," in the September Ladies' Home Journal, is the story of a certain professor, not much liked by his pupils, who was to be married. The lady lived in Cleveland. And the students that loved (?) him were not, of course, invited. But they determined that in some way he should hear from them. And he did. On the day appointed the professor took the train at 10 a. m., due to arrive at Cleveland at 12:30 p. m. About eleven o'clock Jim Townsend rushed to the telegraph office and sent off this dispatch:

"Chief of Police, Cleveland, Ohio. Man coming on train No. 8, tall, well-dressed, frock coat, silk hat, side whiskers. Escaped lunatic. Hold! Shrewd, therefore beware! Strange case. Will say name Finalli. Mistake. Thinks he is Professor in a college. Delusion. Escort to home of friends at No.—Euclid Avenue."

This message reached its destination long before train No. 8 reached Cleveland, so that when Professor Finalli alighted it was to walk straight into the custody of three detectives. They would listen to no words of reason, but escorted him out to the house on Euclid Avenue, the home of his intended bride.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Children on the floor is better than a blot on the heart.

Every woman who suffers from sick headache, and who dislikes to take bitter doses, should try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are the easiest of all medicines to take. A positive cure for the above distressing complaint; give prompt relief in Dyspepsia and Indigestion; prevent and cure Constipation and Piles. As easy to take as sugar. Only one pill a dose. Price 25 cents. If you try them you will not be without them.

Tradesmen like their errors are generally costly.

A remedy for Nasal Catarrh which is drying or exciting to the diseased membrane should not be used. What is needed is that which is cleansing, soothing, protecting and healing. Such a remedy is Ely's Cream Balm. Price 50 cents at druggists or it will be mailed by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York. The Balm when placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. A cold in the head vanishes quickly.

Take free from sick headache, biliousness, constipation, etc., use Carter's Little Liver Pills. Strictly vegetable. They gently stimulate the liver and free the stomach from bile.

The shipping trade doing the Central American [illegible] ... German hands.

Mrs. Chas. Smith, of Jimes, Ohio, writes: I have used every remedy for sick headache I could hear of for the past fifteen years, but Carter's Little Liver Pills did me more good than all the rest.

Too much reason is a sort of nothing to men's real reasoned life.

A woman who is weak, nervous and sleepless, and who has cold hands and feet, cannot feel and act like a well person. Carter's Iron Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness, and give strength and rest.

Not Her Fault.

Mr. Horse. Say, your foot should with your hat all on one side.

Mrs. Horse. Well, I can't help it. I've lost my hat pin.

A Deceiving World.

Madge. Did you ever love a man you wouldn't marry?

Dolly. Certainly! Sometimes it takes a long while before you find out he hasn't any money.—Puck.

Explained.

"How did the horse shoe come to be regarded as a symbol of good luck?"

"Well, the first patent granted in America was to a blacksmith."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Beenaway. And what of Willie Pipitate, whose mother considered him a budding genius?

Staidhome. Oh, he turned out to be a blooming idiot!—The Smart Set.

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Just One Sample Ton of

Jeddo Lehigh Coal

Will prove its superiority over all other Lehigh Coals when you test it in your Greenhouse or Furnace. You don't get up in the morning and find furnace or stove has consumed all its contents. It will burn longer, without clinkering, than any other coal in this market. Lamberry, Lykens Valley and Pittston White and Red Ash Coals always in stock.

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Assistance (Ives to Farmers in Loading.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to

MISS E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, September, 7, 1901.

NOTES.

THE COOKES OF RHODE ISLAND DESCENDANTS OF WALTER COOKE OF WEYMOUTH, MASS. 1643-1870.

BY H. BOYD COOKE.

John Wanton[5] Cooke (205) a Quaker, called only Wanton Cooke on Scituate, R. I., records, married first, according to Arnold's Vital Records, Vol. III., part 4, p. 11, at Foster, R. I., Lois Beamens, dau. of Jonathan, June 5, 1765. But the Bible of his son, John Wanton Cooke, Jr., has him married only to Phebe Cooke, whose parents are unknown. Phebe, born in Foster, R. I., Thursday, Apr. 20, 1770, d. on Wednesday, Nov. 29, 1828, whose grandson, still living, informs was his grandmother, and he knows not of a grandmother Lois. Therefore there must have been a second marriage, and Phebe the second wife, also indicated in the birth dates of John Wanton Cookes children, who were:

442. Selinda Cooke, md. Mr. Burgress.

443. Thomas Cooke.

Evidently children of Lois. A letter written many years ago names all the children of John Wanton Cooke, Thomas and Selinda named first among them.

Children of Phebe and John Wanton Cooke, Senior were:

444. Lois[6] Cooke, b. Friday at Foster, R. I., May 6, 1791; d. 1858; md. Rufus Moffett and had 11 children: one was Deborah Moffett b. April 16, 1816 who was applied to for record of her parents and grand-parents, but died Feb. 6, 1901: before giving it.

445. Rebecca[6] Cooke b. Wednesday at Foster R. I., July 11, 1792) md. Dexter Davis; she d. in Providence, R. I. Sept. 13 1837.

446. John Wanton[6] Cooke Jr. b. in Foster R. I. Dec. 22 1793 md. Lodema Foote July 9, 1818, she d. in Lee Mass. Oct. 20, 1797.

447. Daniel[6] James Cooke, b. Foster R. I. May 23, 1796, d. Feb. 9, 1830; md. Sept. 10, 1810, Melissa Judd b. in Northampton, Mass. Sept. 4, 1799, dau. of Daniel Judd, b. April 12, 1771, d. May 21, 1820: md. Sarah Cooke, b. Nov. 26, 1774 and d. Oct. 10, 1820, dau. of Capt. Joseph Cooke, who d. June 23, 1788 aged 92 and Lydia Cooke, who had a brother Joseph Cooke, who died Feb. 14, 1814, and a sister Electra Cooke, who died April 2, 1850 aged 83.

Capt. Joseph Cooke had a brother Justin Cooke, who d. Nov. 1, 1801, aged 40 years, they descendants of Capt Aaron Cooke of Northampton Mass. Melissa——Judd's brothers and sisters were:

I. David Judd, d. Oct. 26, 1807 aged 17 mos. 11 days.

II. Infant dau. born & died Oct. 2 1801.

III. Spencer Judd, died Oct. 30, 1832 aged 32; and his wife Eliza L. died June 13, 1830 aged 29.

IV. Melissa Judd, b. Sept. 4, 1799.

V. Harriet Judd md. Thomas B. Cutler; no issue.

VI. David Judd md. Catherine Foster; no issue.

VII. Sally Maria Judd md. Thomas Bridgman, had Thomas, Charles, William, Henry and Harriet all living in Northampton Mass.

Two of the names of Melliscent the orignal form of spelling the name, married into the Judd family, before the birth of Melissa b. 1799 as Deacon Thomas Judd first of the name in America had a son Capt. William Judd, who had a son Timothy, graduate of Yale 1737, and md. (1) March 27, 1741.

Mary dau of Thomas Clark, md. (2) Melliscent widow of John Southway d Oct. 9, 1747 and Williams brother, Lieut Thomas Judd had a son John, who had Samuel Judd, who married Elizabeth Scott, dau of David, and David's first child Asa Judd b. Sept 29, 1726 md Melliscent Silkrigs, dau of Samuel, June 21, 1761 and they had a daughter Melliscent born March 26, 1765.

448. Phebe[6] Cooke b. Saturday Dec 23, 1797, md Pardon A. Brown, and they had a daughter Helen. Louise Brown DeWolf, whose son William Fletcher DeWolf saw the Bible of Peter Cooke Sen. No. 93, in which with the record of all of Peters children, was the Cooke arms a copy of which has been owned by the writer over thirty years. Its motto is Deo, Regi Vicino (For my God, my King and my Neighbor). Its crest a Dukes Helmet with closed visar, with five bars with a boars head above the helmet. On shield, three spread eagles.

Phebe died in Providence R. I. March 8, 1879 Pardon in war of 1812, and belonged to the Providence Light Infantry Her daughter Mrs. De Wolf died May 1901 just as as she was applied to for this Cooke record.

449. Deborah[6] Cooke b. Monday Dec 21-1801 d. Sept 1802.

450. Job[6] Benoni Cooke ever known as Oney Cooke and so written, b. Saturday, March 23, 1806 went to sea and was never heard from afterwards.

(To be continued.)

COOKE. Correction.—Hannah Peabody, daughter of William and Elizabeth (Alden) Peabody, married not Joseph Cooke, but Samuel Bartlett. Many authorities, including J. O. Austin in his Genealogical Dictionary, give this marriage to Samuel Bartlett. I fail to find any Joseph Cooke marrying a Hannah Peabody, and certainly none of Elizabeth Alden's descendants did, for more than five generations.

Elizabeth Alden died in her 94th year, not 86d. She was born last part of 1622 or first of 1623.

John Cooke (John Thomas) of Tiverton, Rhode Island, married Elizabeth Little of Little Compton.—M. L. T. A.

QUERIES.

2083. PALMER—Wanted, the surname of Mary or Mercy, wife of Lawton Palmer of Rhode Island. Lawton Palmer was born 1727, removed to Hopkinton, Rhode Island. Newport Trinity Church records give her name as Mary or Mercy.—K. S. McC.

2084. IRISH—Can not some one tell me the names of the wives of John[1] Irish[1] and John[2] Irish[2] The latter removed to Little Compton, R. I. Arnold gives name of both mother of John[2] and wife of John[2] as Elizabeth. Winsor says he married Deborah Church, but if Arnold is correct, Winsor is incorrect.

There was a Deborah Church born at the proper time to be his wife, but she is given in Arnold to some one else. If any one has this date correct, I am willing to pay for it. William Palmer, father of Lawton, married Mary, daughter of John[2] Irish. She was born 1693.—K. S. McC.

2085. BURDICK—Who was Billings Burdick, of Hopkinton, R. I., who married Hannah Babcock. This is the Billings Burdick I am in pursuit of, among the numerous Billings Burdicks, and will pay for proof of his ancest, and of his wife's. Arnold gives his wife as Hannah. Family Bible gives it as Hanah Babcock. He may have been brother of an Elias who emigrated to Pennsylvania.—K. S. McC.

2086. COOKE, JONES—John Cooke, b. Oct. 15, 1753, married Catherine Jones, b. Mar. 4, 1752. Can any correspondent give the parentage of either or both?—C. M. C.

ANSWERS.

2081. WEAVER—Frances Weaver b. June 14th, 1763, was the daughter of James and Rebecca. Arnold's Vital Records, Newport, births & deaths.

James and Rebecca (Coggeshall) Weaver m. by Daniel Gould, Justice Oct. 31st, 1751. Vital Records. Middletown marriages.

Charles Dyer of Dartmouth and Rebecca Weaver of Middletown m by John Barker Justice June 1st, 1755. Middletown marriages. Vital Records. —W. C.

2082. GREENE. In "Tea Leaves of 1773" is the following, "Nathaniel Greene was, in 1780, register of deeds, 42 Cornhill" (Boston, probably.) "He was an ardent Son of Liberty, and was present at the public celebration in Dorchester, where three hundred of them gathered Aug. 14, 1769." Can "Mansfield" give any proof that this Nathaniel Greene married Keziah Richardson, or where the Nathaniel Greene lived who married her?

Any clue will be gratefully recieved. —L. R. N.

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BAKING POWDER
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A SINGLE PROOF.

A CHAMBER SUIT.

All hard wood, finished in Golden Oak, neatly carved, highly polished.

Bedstead, 6 ft. high,
Bureau, 38 in. wide, with bevelled Mirror, 18x24,
Commode, top 33 in. wide,
2 Chairs, 1 Table, 1 Rocker,
1 Table.

PRICE $20.00.

A. C. TITUS CO.,

225—229 THAMES STREET.

Portsmouth.

The scallop fishermen are bringing in their catches daily at Bristol Ferry.

Mr. and Mrs William F. Grinnell and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Mott are away, enjoying their vacations.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Chase paid a visit to this town the past week.

Mrs. Nancy Ward Coggeshall has as her guest her son, Mr. F. A Coggeshall, of Providence.

Mr. Everett Leonard, in the employ of H. S. Grinnell & Company, fell from a meat cart last Saturday in Tiverton and received a badly sprained shoulder.

Middletown.

BOARD OF CANVASSERS.—As required by the revised election law of the state the Town Council held a session as a Board of Canvassers at the Town Hall on Tuesday afternoon and made up the voting lists for the current political year ensuing July 1. When completed the general lists comprised 249 names and the list on all questions 226. The next canvass will be made on Thursday, October 31, four days prior to the date of the State election.

Since the last meeting of the Council an inspection having been made of the roads of the town and certain sections having been selected for improvement, for which specifications had been prepared by William H. Lawton, civil engineer of Newport, at Monday's session these specifications were considered and adopted and it was resolved to advertise for bids for improving six sections to be lodged in the Town Clerk's Office by noon of Monday, September 16. The sections selected include 660 feet of the West Main Road north of Forest avenue, 850 feet of the East Main Road at the foot of Slate Hill, 915 feet of Turner's Lane, next south of Wyatt Road, 850 feet of Green End avenue extending easterly from the residence of Alfred Carr, 962 feet of the same avenue against the William Turner farm and 471 feet thereof crossing the point where it is joined by Aquidneck avenue. It is more than probable that one or more of these sections will fail of improvement this autumn, as the total cost of improving all six sections will exceed the balance of appropriation in hand, which is less than $3,700.00.

Block Island.

The season of 1901 is over and goes into history as probably the most successful and profitable the island has ever known. Many of the hotels are already closed but a few will remain open until later in the month for the accommodation of those visitors who prefer the month of September here.

Steamer New Shoreham is running from Block Island to New London and return in addition to her regular Providence trip and is carrying many passengers and considerable freight. She will continue on this schedule until September 15 and the Mt. Hope will also maintain her present schedule until that date.

Miss Florence Beebe, of Plainfield, N. J., died at the Central House on Sunday last after undergoing an operation for appendicitis. Miss Beebe was 17 years of age and had been staying with her parents at the Central House for about a month. She was taken ill on Tuesday, of last week, and on Thursday Dr. Husted was called. He immediately discovered that an operation would be necessary and on Saturday Dr. Frank Oastler, of New York, assisted by Dr. Husted and Dr. Rockwell, performed the operation, but it was plainly seen at one stage of the operation that the patient could not recover. Peritonitis set in and she died Sunday morning. The body was removed to Plainfield for interment.

Mrs. C. W. Willis, who has been quite ill as the result of the many cares of her business as proprietor of the Surf Hotel, is on the road to recovery.

The announcement that the steamer Block Island had been robbed at Norwich after her return from this island on Labor Day caused considerable surprise here. She carried a large party from here and it is said that the robbers secured $1500 in cold cash. Subsequent investigation however has reduced the estimate to less than a third of that sum.

The Webster Log Cabin.

When Gen. Harrison got the Whig nomination for the Presidency that Daniel Webster had hoped for, log cabins were in popular demand as birthplaces. Even Webster, in a political speech at Saratoga, catching the spirit of the times, lamented that he, too, had not been born in a log cabin. Professor McMaster prints in the September Century this extract from the speech in question:

"Gentlemen, it did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. . . . And if ever I am ashamed of it, or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrank from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind!"

Jamestown.

Mrs. P. H. Horgan entertained a party of young people at a dinner dance at the Thorndike Monday evening, in honor of Miss Elmira Horgan.

Writers of fiction, no matter how sensational, are obliged to avoid working into their stories any situation that appears improbable, says the New York Tribune. Writers of fact are not thus handicapped. The following is a narration of an occurrence that, wonderful and improbable as it may seem, nevertheless happened in this city. One of the large pawnbrokerage houses engages an expert accountant to go over its books once a month. This accountant, who lives in Brooklyn, went to the pawnbroker's office direct from his home recently to go over the concern's books. He reached the Bowery on a car and walked the rest of the way, stopping once on the road. When he got to the office, instead of passing through the private hall he went through the store where the loans are made. As he was entering the shop he was almost knocked down by a young man who rushed through the swinging doors. Inside he saw one of the clerks laughing and holding something in his hand. "What is the matter?" he asked. "Why, that fellow who just rushed out so wildly brought this watch and wanted ten dollars on it. He said he had bought it for forty dollars. It is a two hundred and fifty dollar watch, so I thought he had stolen it, and I told him to wait a minute and I would call up the police and find out where he got it for that money. You saw how he waited." And he laughed again. "Let me see it," said the accountant. The watch was a gold repeater and stop watch. So soon as the accountant cast his eyes on the timepiece he put his hand in his pocket where he usually carries his watch. It was empty. "That's my watch," he said, and opening the case of the back of the watch he showed an inscription which his father had engraved there when he presented it to him. The thief had stolen it from him while he was in the car, and had reached the pawnbroker's only a few minutes before him, and before he himself had discovered his loss.

The police of Mount Vernon enjoy the common possession of a dog, known as Nig, whose genius seems to fit him as peculiarly for a police canine as does that of many other dogs for the occupation of "dire dog." Nig has reported regularly every morning at roll call with the patrolmen for many years. He seems always to scent a prospective haul and is generally on hand when it takes place. The police say that Nig has rendered material assistance to them in the capture of many gangs of tramps or chicken thieves. He rambles around the neighborhood of the police station, and whenever there is any trouble brewing he appears excitedly before the sergeant's desk, wagging his tail and evincing perturbed sympathy with the situation. Nig got angry or disconsolate one day when the police station was remodelled and his bed was demolished. He disappeared and was gone for some weeks. The police feared that he had gone away to die. But he returned at last, having shown his resentment, and lived at peace with his fellow policemen. The fame of Nig has gone abroad, and it is said that thieves have an exceeding aversion for him.—New York Times.

The annual convention of the Rhode Island Sunday School Association will be held in the Broadway Baptist church Providence on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 8 and 9.

Thirty thousand young men emigrated from Finland last year to avoid military service in Russia. A drain like that will soon make a big hole in a country of 2,500,000 inhabitants.

In appportioning money for the national guard Uncle Sam far exceeds the Missouri legislature in generosity to the militia of this state. Rhode Island is decidedly ahead of Missouri in its militia organization.

Britishers Think Chances Are Even

London, Sept. 6.—The selection of the Columbia to defend the America's cup is a matter of great satisfaction to the British press. The chances of the race are now regarded as even, but there is no disposition to express overconfidence in the result. It is generally contended that the Constitution might still have proved the faster boat had there been sufficient time for further experiments and tuning-up.

Eight New Cases of Smallpox

Boston, Sept. 4.—Boston is beginning to have what looks very much like a smallpox epidemic. Since late Saturday afternoon eight new cases have been discovered by the health authorities, making a total of 21 cases since the first discovery was made, on Aug. 16. With a few exceptions all of the cases have been traced back to the McKenna family, whose infant child was wheeled through the streets in a baby carriage on Aug. 18.

Washington County Fair.

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL.

West Kingston, R. I., Sept. 10, 11, 12, 13, '01.

Each Department will be Overflowing with Exhibits.
A First Class Vaudeville Entertainment Each Day.
FAST RACES! FULL ENTRIES!

Rhode Island Ladies' Orchestra,

TEN PIECES, has been secured, and will give Concerts DAILY.

Governor's Day, Thursday, Sept. 12.

Annual Address, by President Rowland G. Hazard.

PROGRAMME OF RACES.

1st Day—2.40 Class. 3d Day—2.26 and 2.50 Class.
2d Day—2.19 and 2.32 Class. 4th Day—2.37 Class and Free to All.

Peace Dale, R. I., August 27, 1901—8-31-2w JOHN A. ALLEN, Sec'y.

Grant Lost His "Hiram."

Not many Americans know Hiram U. Grant was the eighteenth President of the United States. Yet it is true, for "Ulysses Simpson" was never legally the name of our greatest General. This interesting fact is brought out by Franklin B. Wiley in The Ladies' Home Journal for September, in "Famous People as We Do Not Know Them." The story of how it came about was told by a member of Congress —Thomas B. Hamer— who recommended young Grant as a candidate for West Point in 1839. Mr. Hamer had long been a friend of the Grants, but when he came to make out the application papers for Ulysses he could not recall the boy's full name. So deciding that he was doubtless named for his mother's family, he wrote it "Ulysses Simpson Grant." Thus was it recorded at West Point, and though the attention of the officials was several times called to the error they did not feel authorized to correct it. This name was gradually adopted, and by it Grant was, and always will be, known. But as for any record of the birth of "Ulysses Simpson Grant," that does not exist.

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Tuesday, the 3d day of September, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of *WILLIAM E. STOFFORD*, representing himself to be a minor over the age of fourteen years and resident of Columbia, Maine, and praying this Court to approve of Thomas N. Freeborn, of said Newport, whom he has chosen to be the Guardian of his estate in Rhode Island.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 23d day of September, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m. at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the *Newport Mercury* once a week at least, for fourteen days.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
9-14 Probate Clerk.

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 26th day of August, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock A. M.

ON THE PETITION, in writing of Edith Evelyn Smith, Guardian of the person and estate of *CHARLES TALBOT SMITH*, minor, of Newport, presented this day to the Court of Probate of said Newport, praying for leave to sell at private sale said minor's interests in certain parcels of real estate situated in the Town of Middletown and in the Town of Portsmouth, in said State, and particularly described in said petition, for a better and more advantageous investment, and said petitioner having applied to this said Court of Probate to give notice in the *Newport Mercury*.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that said petition will be considered at the Court of Probate to be holden on Monday, the 16th day of September, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate office in the City Hall in said Newport.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
8-31 Probate Clerk.

Pony Wanted.

8 or 9 years old,
ABOUT 600 LBS.,
gentle, fair driver, sound. PONY,
8-31-3w Box 51. Fall River, Mass.

MERCURY OFFICE,

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OUR SPECIALTY IS

Fine Book Work,
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NOTICE.

I have removed my ROOTS AND HERBS DISPENSARY and residence to 18 Farewell street. B. W. PEARCE.

Boston and Albany R. R.

N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Co., Lessees.

Rates and Conditions for Excursion Tickets to

BUFFALO OR NIAGARA FALLS AND RETURN.

B. & A. R. R. to Albany, N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. to Buffalo or Niagara Falls. Return same way.

ACCOUNT OF PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

May 1st to Nov. 1st, 1901.

From	Class A.	Class B.	Class C.
Boston	$19.00	$16.00	$12.50
S. Framingham	18.70	15.50	11.50
Worcester	18.00	15.00	11.00
Palmer	16.75	14.00	10.00
Springfield	15.65	12.75	9.25
Ware	16.15	13.70	10.10
Winchendon	18.00	14.50	10.20
Templeton	18.00	14.10	10.10
Athol	16.90	13.70	10.15
Westfield	15.50	12.50	9.10
Pittsfield	13.70	11.00	7.75
North Adams	14.00	11.25	8.00
Chatham	12.10	10.10	8.15

CONDITIONS.

Class A—On sale daily, and good for passage in either direction, May 1st to Oct. 26th, final limit Nov. 2d, and in Pullman Cars on payment of additional charges for such accommodations.

Class B—On sale daily, and good for fifteen (15) days including date of sale, and for continuous passage only in each direction; and are non-transferable, requiring signature of purchaser, and must be stamped by agent at Buffalo or Niagara Falls before same will be good for return passage. Good in Pullman Cars on payment of additional charges for such accommodations.

Class C—On sale daily, and good for eight (8) days including date of sale, and for continuous passage in each direction, and in day coach only, as per contract of ticket. Not good in Pullman Sleeping or Drawing Room Cars or on limited trains. Tickets are non-transferable, and require signature of purchaser, and must be stamped by agent at Buffalo or Niagara Falls before same will be good for return passage.

A. S. HANSON,
8-17-1f General Passenger Agent.

Newport Casino.

The National Lawn Tennis Tournament

WILL COMMENCE

Tuesday, August 13.

Play will be called every morning at 10:30. The principal matches will be played every day on Championship Court, in front of Grand Stand.

Season tickets for the Tennis Grand Stand and the Horse Show are on sale at the Casino office.

8-10 JOSEPH BARRETT, Supt.

RHODE ISLAND Normal School.

Fall term begins MONDAY, Sept. 9, at 9 o'clock a. m. Examinations for admission will be held Monday, Sept. 9, beginning at 8 a. m. For catalogue or other information apply to CHARLES S. CHAPIN, Principal, Box 871, or THOMAS B. STOCKWELL, Secretary Trustees, Box 1482, Providence.

8-24-3w

NEW CARPETS.

Just received a large stock of

New Carpets,
Oil Cloths, Linoleums,
WALL PAPERS,
Window Shades, &c.,
AT LOWEST PRICES.

W. C. Cozzens & Co.,
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FOR SALE.

THE HULL COVE FARM

on the southerly end of the

ISLAND OF CONANICUT.

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7-13-2m